

RADIO *Television* **MIRROR**

Two Magazines in One
August 25¢

Phil Regan - Bride and Groom

MY BOSS, GORDON MACRAE

Rosemary - Young Widder Brown

Heart-Warming Story of Amazing Mary Margaret McBride



Gordon MacRae

Mary Margaret McBride

Your first cake of Camay brings a

Lovelier complexion!

A SKIN FOR
WEDDING BELLS!



*This is MRS. CORNELIUS LORENZEN, Jr.,
the former Barbara Jean Shaw of New Jersey—
a lovely Camay Bride!*

There's an ingenue's fresh appeal about Barbara Lorenzen—a "little girl" charm that wins you from the first meeting. Her coloring is in soft pastels—her complexion, softer than satin itself. Barbara's *first cake* of Camay made her a gift of new beauty.

When friends inquire about her beauty care, Barbara has a ready answer. She says, with conviction: "At last I've found a beauty soap that's made for my skin—Camay. When I changed to regular Camay care, my *first cake* of Camay brought a fresher, clearer complexion."

There's new beauty waiting for you, too—with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use only mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay. Never use a lesser soap—and Camay will wake the sleeping beauty of your skin!

All your skin's lovelier!

Yes, all your skin gets a rewarding beauty treatment—when you use Camay in your bath, too. A daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It leaves you lovelier from head to toes—touched with Camay's flattering fragrance.



**In all the world—
no finer beauty soap!**

For mildness, for fragrance, for quick, rich lather—it's hard to imagine a finer beauty soap than Camay! Always ask for the big thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size. It gives more lather, more luxury, more of everything you like about Camay.

Camay

the soap of beautiful women

How Sparkling
can you be?



What makes her teeth
so Sparkling bright?.. The answer
is **IPANA!**

The answer is **IPANA**

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

What makes her mouth
so Sparkling fresh?.. The answer
is **IPANA!**

Yes, you really sparkle when you use Ipana. This tooth paste gets your teeth cleaner, reveals the hidden sparkle of your smile — and helps prevent tooth decay.

You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today for your Smile of Beauty!



She's always
swamped with dates!.. The answer
is **IPANA!**

A Product of Bristol-Myers

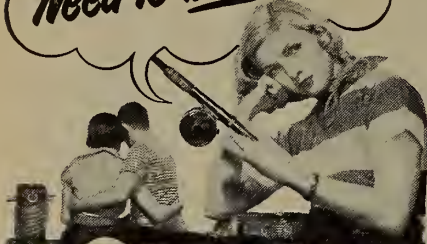


For really cleansing
teeth and mouth, the answer
is **IPANA!**



Remember—to reduce tooth
decay—no other tooth paste
(ammoniated or regular)
has been proved more
effective than Ipana!

What I Really Need is Date Bait!



YOU OTHER GIRLS CATCH ALL THE DATES! THE MEN ALL GET AWAY FROM ME!

HONEY, YOU COULD STOP THAT IF YOU'D ONLY SEE YOUR DENTIST! GET HIS ADVICE ON—ON BAD BREATH, SUE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE CARE WAS ALL IT TOOK TO GET THIS DREAM-DATE ON MY HOOK!

Use Colgate Dental Cream

- ✓ To Clean Your Breath
- ✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
- ✓ And Help Stop Taath Decay!

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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On the Cover: Mary Margaret McBride, color portrait by Maxwell Coplan. Gordon MacRae, color portrait by Hymie Fink and Sterling Smith p. 12—Bows courtesy of Century Ribbon Mills, Inc.

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THAT'S ALL, SISTER!

You're snubbed, Honey chile . . . definitely and deliberately . . . by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. You don't like such treatment? Of course you don't. Men usually stick around. But this one didn't. What did you say or do to antagonize him as you danced the night before? Whatever it was, you certainly are off to a bad start on your vacation.

It can happen to you...any time

No matter what other charms you have, they're likely to be forgotten if you're guilty of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). And, don't forget, halitosis* may be absent one time and present the next—without your realizing it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

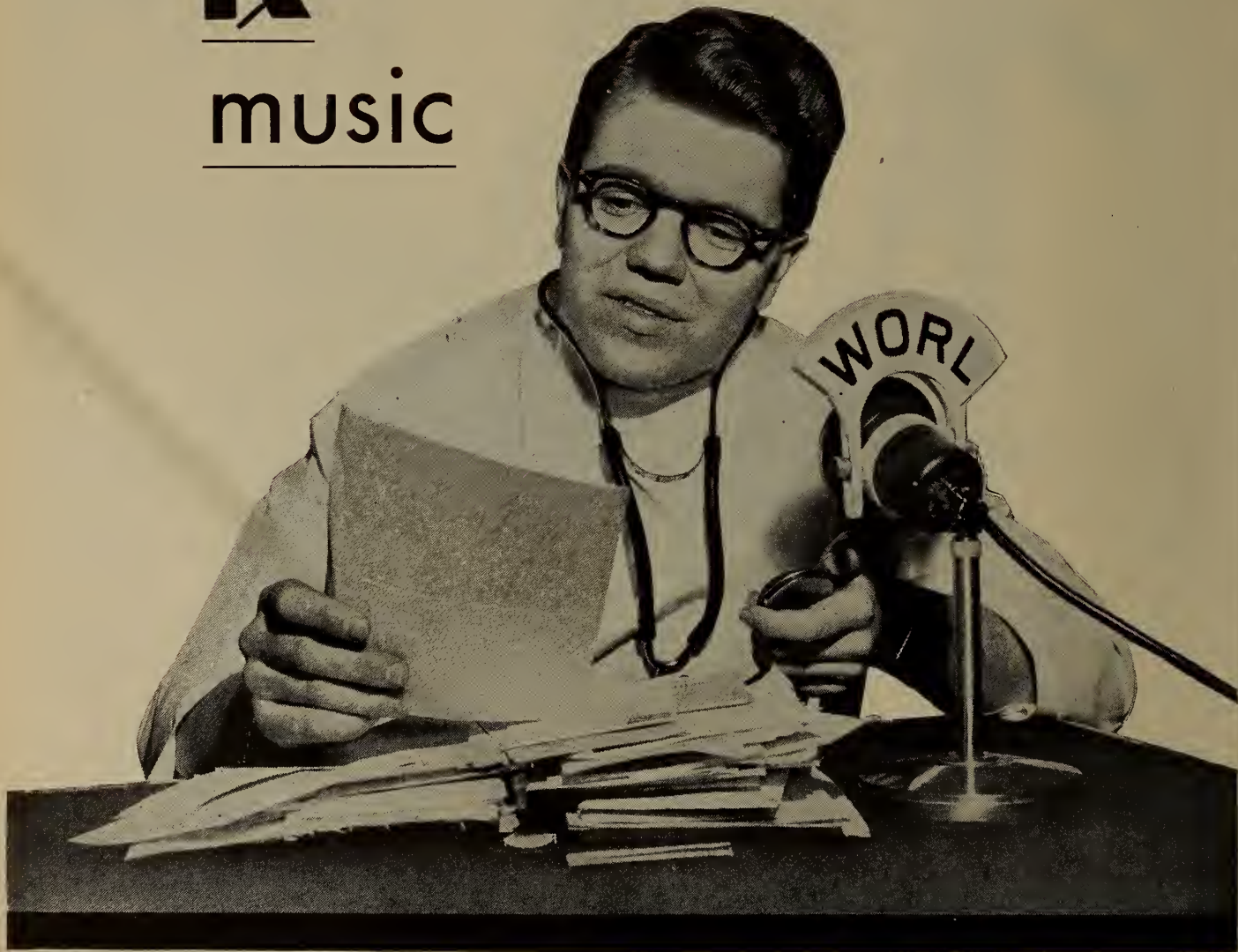
Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours usually. So, don't trust make-shifts . . . trust Listerine Antiseptic before every date.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ANY DATE...**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**...IT'S BREATH TAKING!



R music



EVERY YEAR medical men are learning more about the large part music plays in the healing of the mentally ill. They might do well to consult with disc jockey Bob Swan of WORL, Boston, who has had considerable success on his own in bringing peace of mind to both hospital patients and everyday listeners.

The Armed Forces Radio Service carries Bob's Swan Boat to Army veterans at a hospital near Boston. Last year the Canadian American Writers

Association took note of his work with their Radio Achievement Award for musical entertainment. Figuring largely in their presentation were numerous letters from patients of TB sanitariums commending his program.

That his show may have some therapeutic value pleases Bob, but he has no idea of entering the field of medicine beyond curing the blues. The title of doctor is strictly informal and was conferred upon him by affectionate listeners. The stethoscope is reserved for

the romantic heartbeats of his wife.

The music Bob plays is slow and quiet. After experimenting with all types, he found that a steady diet of loud brassy music disturbed his nerves, while soft, dreamy numbers were soothing and relaxing. Listeners welcomed the change of pace from the hammering beat of the boppers, radical progressives, and hillbillies.

Boston audiences agree—a visit to "Doctor Swan" is often the best prescription for a case of "Worryitis."

“You’ll see
the difference
a lovely
figure makes!”

says

Mary Hatcher



Mary is winning new admirers with every appearance. She stays trim, lithe and lovely—and her star grows steadily brighter.



Millionths-of-a-second picture shows how a Playtex Girdle combines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action. Made of smooth latex, Playtex fits and feels like a second skin—creates a slimmer, trimmer you. At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

Shapely young screen star now captivating audiences with personal appearances suggests you wear—

Invisible Playtex® Girdles

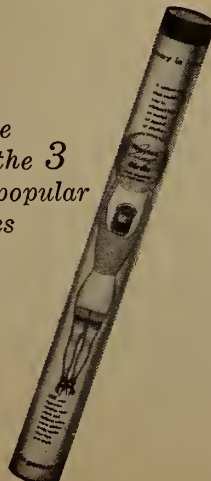
No wonder Playtex Girdles are the favorite with Hollywood stars, with famous designers, with millions of U. S. women!

Ask yourself two questions about a girdle: how does it make you look—and feel? Best answer comes from Playtex, for it slims you from waist to thighs without a seam, stitch or bone—so comfortable! And Playtex Girdles fit invisibly under clothes, wash, dry faster than any other girdles!

*Choose
from the 3
most popular
Girdles
in the
world*



ANNE FOGARTY designs Mary's favorite clothes, says: “For every day, for sports, for dress and casual wear, Playtex gives you figure flattery plus figure freedom. It's a designer's dream girdle!”



PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE
More figure-control, greater freedom than girdles at triple the price.
SLIM, silvery tube . **\$3.95 and \$4.95**

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE
Made by a new latex process. It's light, fresh, dispels body heat. In SLIM, pink tube . **\$4.95 and \$5.95**

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE
With fabric next to your skin. Look slim, feel wonderfully comfortable. In SLIM, golden tube **\$5.95 and \$6.95**

All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
—extra-large size slightly higher.

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ON TV PLAYTEX Presents “FASHION MAGIC”. Top afternoon entertainment. CBS-TV nationwide network. (see local paper for time and channel)

**IF YOU'VE SKULLDUGGERY
IN MIND—**

and decide on New York City as the scene of your crime, be sure to keep to the better neighborhoods. There's a city ordinance which clearly states that it is unlawful to take a skeleton into a tenement house in that city!

READERS' OWN VERSE—

Precancelled

The letters that I plan each night
I never seem to get to write:
But while it's nothing that I tell
With pride, it's really just as well,
Since any that I ever wrote
Stayed in the pocket of my coat.

—S. H. Dewhurst

Nonsense
Art Linkletter's
and some-sense

QUICK QUIZ—

A group of animals of the same kind is usually called by a group name—for example, a group of sheep is called a "flock." Can you choose the right group names for the following animals? 1. A group of hounds is called a (a) herd (b) pack (c) flock. 2. A group of lions is called a (a) colony (b) covey (c) pride. 3. A group of whales is called a (a) herd (b) pack (c) hive.

Answers:

1. (b) ; 2. (c) ; 3. (a) .

READER'S OWN VERSE—

Honeymoon Is Over

I never thought that I should see
A rival for his time with me . . .
Ah love! . . . how foolish is thy
name

Confronted with a baseball game!

—June Brown Harris

AUGUST

—to start off I can freely predict, without recourse to my faithful friend *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, that we will have heat in August by day and by night. Shimmering, fry-eggs-on-the-pavement hotness, so thick you ought to be able to cut out a hunk and put it away for next winter. That's a good way to get through the dog days—remember how you slipped and slid on the ice last winter, how your toes tingled and your nose grew rosy, and decide August isn't such a bad month, after all. Having got that off my chest, I'll now take a peek at the *Almanac* and see how Link's predictions stack up with those of the gents in the predicting business. What d'you know—rain, it says here. First week, fine. But not the last two weeks; they'll be wet ones and no mistake . . . August also brings along with it the sneeziest of the assorted hay fever seasons, when ragweed comes to its own, and goldenrod lifts its yellow head. There'll be running noses and weeping eyes and ka-chooing and bless-youing a-plenty . . . The August flower-of-the-month, gladiola; the birthstone, peridot or sardonyx. Now I know what a sardonyx is, but what in tunket's a peridot? Time out for consultation with Mr. Webster, unabridged, who says: "A deep, yellowish-green variety of crysolite." Sounds pretty.

Speaking of August, I'm sure it could win a walk as The Month In Which Men Like Not To Wear A Necktie Most. Which thought led to a little research on the subject of woman's favorite Christmas present to the male. Did you know that there's a Man's Tie Foundation—to which, incidentally, I'm indebted for the following tidbits . . . The Paisley pattern was brought to England from Persia by Sir Francis Drake's sailors in 1580. They used pieces of the gay material to tie up their pigtails—standard maritime equipment then . . . Undisputed leader of London fashion in the early seventeenth century was Beau Brummell, who dressed each morning as if it were a sacred ceremony, the climax of which was the reverent knotting of his white tie. Protective collars and ties of steel were issued to officers of the U.S. Marines in the early 1800's. Enlisted men were issued leather collars—from which came "Leathernecks." . . . In the late eighteenth century, red faces were considered a sign of health. Men pulled their ties tight to make their faces flush—which also, unfortunately, made them pop-eyed.

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, over the Columbia Broadcasting System; sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

CHARLES DICKENS SAID IT:

"When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it."

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to school-girl Sandra): What do you do—have you any hobbies?

Sandra: I'm interested in rocks.

Linkletter: Say, you're ten years old—don't you like boys?

Sandra: Well, a little—when they're away from me.

PAUSE AND CONSIDER DEPT.

You may not have realized it, but a group of people has been working on you. They've spent over half a million dollars through promotion, displays in grocery stores and restaurants, and through an advertising campaign in some of the biggest magazines and in newspapers. What are they aiming for? They want to convince you that you ought to drink iced tea! As for me, I don't need any urging. Give me a hammock, something interesting to read and a nice, tall glass, and I'll slip through August's dog days with hardly a protest. Lois dolls up our iced tea in various ways—sometimes with a piece of lemon or lime to squeeze into it, sometimes with the lemon or lime juice stirred right in, making a sort of lemon-iced-ade-tea. Sometimes she spikes it with a juicy finger of fresh pineapple and a cool sprig of mint. Sometimes a clove or two gets steeped with the tea before the ice is added. In fact, I suspect that Lois regards iced tea as the French peasant woman regards the stew pot—anything and everything you have on hand goes into it. As a matter of fact, if my family had the slightest consideration for its husband and father, toiling here over a hot typewriter, someone would rush me in a long, cold, refreshing glass right now. What does a fellow have to do to get service around here, throw a tantrum?

for a

Gayla

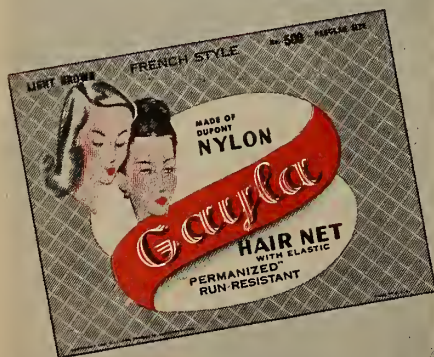
hair-do



every day
all day

wear the new, modern

Gayla
HAIR NETS



"PERMANIZED" • RUN-RESISTANT
(a Gayla exclusive!)

Grooms Hair-dos—Saves Waves
Invisible—Tru-Color Hair Shades

more women use

Gayla®
HOLD-BOB®

bobby pins than
all other brands
combined.



set curls easier
hold hair-dos better

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International circus

• IF YOU'RE somewhere between the ages of four and ten, it doesn't matter whether you come from Afghanistan, India, China, Russia or Yugoslavia—the circus is the *only* show on earth. Eighty-six excited youngsters, children of United Nations delegates from all over the world, recently spent an afternoon full of balloons, dolls, puppets, ice cream, clowns and animals, as special guests of TV stars Howdy Doody, Bob Smith and Clarabell.

Nasrine Varasteh of Iran summed up the general delight: "I'm so glad I'm going to see the circus because I won't be able to see it when I go back to Iran. I like New York very much and will be sorry to leave because in school we are going to learn many things about many people in other lands." Nasrine may not be here to have the rest of her lessons, but she had her first lesson in international understanding that day.

Howdy Doody Time is 5:30 P.M. EDT, Monday-Friday, over NBC-TV. Participating sponsors.



We're off to the circus! In a flurry of balloons and streamers, Bob Smith and United Nations' children wave goodbye.



Almost too excited to pose for their pictures, are representatives of Belgium, Pakistan, Poland, Afghanistan, Ecuador.



Home was never like this! Alicia and Carmen Albornoz, young delegates from Ecuador, display their Howdy Doodie dolls.



Clarabell has a man-to-man talk with Alan Dessault of Belgium. Alan is in the costume of a miniature palace guard.



Vivienne Yu of China doesn't know what to do first—cuddle her new doll, eat ice cream, or gape at circus antics.

Are you in the know?



If you and your pal are smitten by the same Sigh Man, should you—

- Dote him Bow out nobly Suggest a double date

Let's say you and your best pal are vacationing at a Dude Ranch. Gals meet cowboy—and you're both "gone" dogies! If you are the one he favors, why bow out? Suggest a double date; your femme friend may have a pleasant change of heart. Whatever the

plans, you needn't cower in a corner just because it's *that* time. Come slacks, jeans or datin' duds, no one will know, with Kotex—for those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—shore 'nuff! And that special safety center gives *extra* protection.



With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?

- A stole
 A rozor
 Long gloves

Daintiness—and sleeveless frocks—call for underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keeps you out of the untidy bracket. Promotes poise. Self-assurance at *calendar* time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you 3 *absorbencies* to choose from (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3 you'll learn which one's *exactly* right for you.



When hickeys heckle you, what helps?

- Change your makeup
 Court "old Sol"
 Shun the sun

If your complexion's an oil gusher—it's boom time for hickeys! To dry 'em out, sun bathing's good, but don't get sizzled. Change your makeup to *calamine*: a flesh-tinted lotion that helps conceal and heal break-outs. Fine for problem day blemishes, too. *Kotex* helps keep you confident, at ease, because *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it; has softness that *holds its shape*.



More women choose **KOTEX**[®] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S.

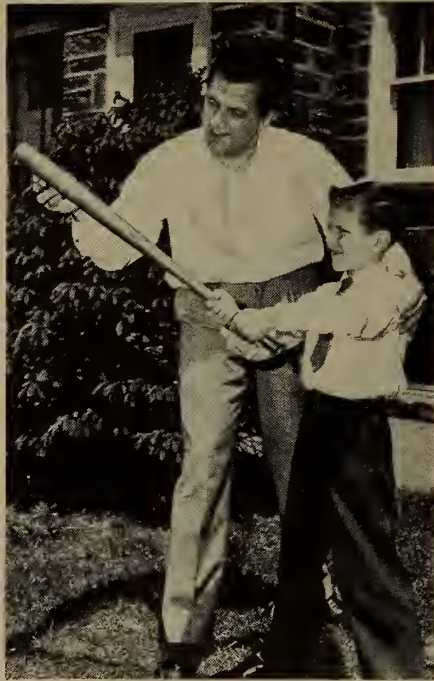
Have you tried **Delsey***? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as *Kotex*. A tissue as soft and absorbent as *Kleenex*.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

R
M

Sports— either way

Batting practice can be fun when your dad is a sportscaster. WPEN's Matt Guokas gives son a few tips.

Matt Jr. sneaks a bite of cake while Mom isn't looking—so he thinks. Sister Mary finds it amusing.



HAD IT not been for a serious automobile accident in 1946, Matt Guokas might never have entered radio. Up to that time Matt was headed for an active career in basketball; afterwards, with extensive knowledge as a participator in every sport behind him, he turned to broadcasting sports events. The ex-ace of the National Basketball Association soon became the ace sportscaster of WPEN in Philadelphia. Instead of playing basketball, he started to describe the game with the authority of one who really knows it.

Well-known in the world of sports, Matt became a basketball sensation while still in college. Once out of school he continued his sports career, mixing professional basketball with soccer and baseball. Even the Army did not stop Matt, and the team he coached and played for won the West Coast title.

In January of 1949, after several years as a free lance sportscaster, Matt joined the WPEN sports staff. It was only a few months before Matt became Sports Director for the station. Besides his play-by-play accounts of all major sports events, Matt also transfers his vast knowledge of sports to listeners in a nightly round-up of local sports news each evening and comes through with the Pre-Game Warm-Up before all the Phillies' games.

Strictly a family man, Matt spends whatever spare time he has with his wife, Joan, and his family. Relaxing the Guokas way usually means a swift catch or some batting practice for Matt Jr. His daughter, Mary, while far from being a "tomboy" excels in school sports and studies ballet as well.

In spite of their many extra curricular activities the children are both "A" students. Matt takes great pride in the sport activities of Matt Jr., and tries to develop not only sport technique in the boy, but a true spirit of sportsmanship which Dad believes is of utmost importance. Matt also takes his son with him when he broadcasts a ball game if he doesn't believe the game will run too late, because, of course, school work must come before play.

Matt is a living example of a true sportsman who can never say die. In spite of his serious accident which prohibits his active participation in sports, he still maintains an active interest in all sports and will always do what he can to further the goal of the various sport organizations to which he belongs, and to encourage youngsters to play "good" ball.

Coming Next Month



Television's sharp-tongued Eloise does a surprising turnabout.

The song we're singing for September is a merry one—and why not what with all the exciting features lined up for next month's issue? One of the most exciting is Eloise McElhone's own story on why she turned from man-hater to matron. The solution is simple, according to Eloise—all you have to do is choose a dreamy guy. And that's exactly what she did. Eloise will tell you all about it in September's **RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR**, on sale at the newsstands Friday, August 10. Looking at matrimony from an entirely different viewpoint is hickory widow, Mrs. Al Helfer, who certainly doesn't deny that Mr. H. is a dream guy. But she has plenty more to say about life with Mutual's bigtime baseball broadcaster. Mrs. H., you may remember, used to be known as Romona when she was with Paul Whiteman's band.

* * *

Is it *fifteen* years since Pepper Young's family first took to the air? It certainly is, and **RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR** is celebrating Pepper's radio milestone with a special six-page section devoted to the history of this long-loved daytime serial. You'll find color portraits of the Young family and a fascinating album of through-the-years pictures. Speaking of pictures, don't miss the ones of Dave Garroway and his "Dial" gang. They're all there—Connie Russell, Jack Haskell, Art Van Damme, Charlie Andrews, etc. And speaking of special sections, be sure to see the Fun Round-up feature—you'll find a collection of games and quizzes from all the best radio and TV panel and participation shows. Try some of the 'specially picked stunts at your next party.

* * *

Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense, daytime fashions, Who's Who In TV and all the regulars, including the second in the new solve-it-yourself Mystery Mirror series, will be in September's issue, too. Remember August 10—that's when you can buy September's **RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR**.

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem



1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective and long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



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✓ TRUSTED by Women

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VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

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R
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WITH
LANDER'S
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and
Roses
TALC "

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former Miss Miami
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size only

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PLUS TAX

ALSO
AVAILABLE IN
12¢ SIZE

HIGHER IN WEST

Lovely Leona Fredericks rose from beauty contest fame to a top-notch modeling career! Miami's Queen of Beauty says: "No girl is really beautiful unless she's exquisitely dainty! That's why I love to powder myself with Lander's flower-fresh talcs after every shower. You'll love them!"

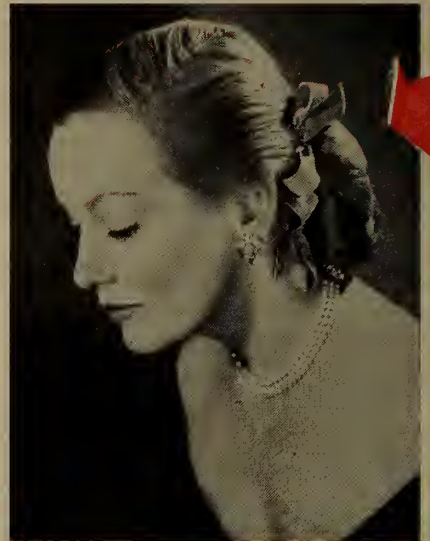


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Available at your favorite five and ten and other stores
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Beauty through bows



Duet of velvet bows: For that special touch, Faye Emerson takes two of her tiniest bows and sets them snugly at the side of her chignon.



Back interest bow: A summertime specialty—to be cool and chic at the same time, Faye uses one huge black velvet bow in place of a hat. Side clasp bows: At right, Faye models two large bows on each side of her fashion-right chignon. Note unusual placement along the side.



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

VIVACIOUS Faye Emerson seems to have that certain flair for setting styles. She's the gal who first popularized the chignon coiffure. All Faye had to do was to explain to the viewers of her CBS evening television show that the puffy chignon she wears is not her own hair. "When I want to change my hairdo," confided Faye, "all I have to do is take off my chignon." That statement helped to start a fad, practically overnight, and the demand for hairpieces was on. Every woman loves to change her hairstyle and the chignon is the quickest and easiest way to effect a new style.

Now glamorous Faye has another beauty secret to share with you. She predicts that bows are definitely top beauty news this summer. Leading hairstylists are already creating coiffures especially for them. Bows of all sizes are being used, varying in size from tiny "kiss" bows to large "hug" bows. They help you to create whatever impression you desire on that extra-impressionable man—cute, sophisticated, or merely well-groomed.

The chic chignon, because of its sleek simplicity, is ideal for dressing up with gaily-colored or dark, contrasting bows. Faye has a selection of many bows in different colors, sizes and fabrics, and wears them in place of a hat in the summer. Sometimes she adds an eye-piece veil trimmed with matching bows.

"The most important beauty advice I can give you is to call attention to your hair with every trick in the book," says Faye. "All smart girls know that nothing is lovelier than clean, neat hair, groomed to perfection in a flattering style. One of the first things a man notices about a woman is her hair. That's why it pays to take special pains. You know what that means; a weekly shampoo and set, daily brushing, a good cold wave permanent that holds a loose, natural-looking wave, plus a touch of lacquer to keep stray hairs in place, and brilliantine or a hairdressing to add luster. Then you are ready to highlight your hair with an attention-getting bow that will be both a beauty and fashion accessory."

Faye Emerson posed for these pictures so that you could get a close-up view of some of the various ways of wearing bows. But there is no limit to the variety of effects you can achieve with a little experimentation—and imagination.



You, too, could be more charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.



*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

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GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

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Get this wonderful book now—prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular \$1.00 edition, it's yours for only 15¢ (to cover postage and handling) . . . see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular—all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!

Find Tips Like These
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- How to be your real self
- How to talk to a date
- Some tricks for forgetting self-consciousness



NORTHAM WARREN, Box No. 1500, Dept. C
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity." (Offer good for limited time only.)

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Sun

Summer fun DRIES your skin



Sun-basking
coarsens skin

TORRID SUMMER SUN tends to bake the outer layer of your skin—make it look coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER to soften and relax your summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in any strong summer sun or dusty, drying wind—smooth your hot, parched face with soothing, softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream (hands and arms, too). Don't be stingy. This rich, rich cream spreads easily. Your dry, thirsty, tight-feeling skin will "soak it right up"—become softer, moister, more comfortable *at once!*

3 features

Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective. 1. It is very rich in *lanolin*—most like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized*—to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening *emulsifier*.

See its effects on your skin. At night—work in richly for extra softening. By day—use *lightly* for a smooth look under make-up. And *all summer*—use immediately after any sunny, windy exposure.

You can be *generous* in using Pond's Dry Skin Cream—it is so sensibly priced—55¢, 31¢, 15¢, and 98¢ for the extra-generous *biggest* jar (all plus tax).

START NOW to repair, ease, soften your summer-dry skin. Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!



Dr. Henry Link speaks to Terry about the insecurity brought on by modern society.

Security begins at home

BY TERRY BURTON

• A recent Family Counselor was the psychologist Dr. Henry C. Link. Dr. Link has been worried about the sense of insecurity among the people of America and has recently written the best-selling "The Way to Security."

Dr. Link defined "security" for us, by saying that it is a set of principles or standards that a person clings to. "The trouble today," he said, "is that too many of us have become unfastened from these principles, and that's the reason we have investigations like the Kefauver one and basketball scandals. We've been putting

too much stress on social security and dollar security and not enough on personal and spiritual security."

Dr. Link went on to say that social security is what a government does for its citizens or what a family does for its children. When a family gives a regular unearned allowance to a child, that's a kind of social security. Spending that allowance is supposed to teach the child the value of money, but it doesn't. When a youngster has to work for his allowance, then he is learning. He is developing skills which make for personal security.

When I asked Dr. Link whether he thought that parents today tend to give their children too much, he said, "Definitely, yes. Parents feel that because they had nothing when they were children that they should give their children all the luxuries they were unable to have. By doing this, parents tend to make the youngsters dependent and insecure."

Dr. Link's parting words are an example of basic belief: "We have trusted too long in the dollar instead of in God. The most interesting thing to me about modern psychology is that it shows that personality and character depend on the Commandments and God's moral laws. The insecurities of war, crime, gambling, divorce, high prices, personal difficulties, can only be met with spiritual weapons."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mr. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EDT, over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Sponsor: General Foods.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

Is it wise for a man to fall in love with a woman much younger than he?



Dr. Jim Brent is heard on Road of Life, Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor: P&G's Crisco.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Dr. Jim Brent in May's day-time radio drama problem.

IN MAY RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR reader-listeners were told Dr. Jim Brent's story and asked if it is wise for a man to fall in love with a woman much younger than he. The editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Myrtle Lewis, Winston-Salem, North Carolina for the following letter:

In rare cases, yes. Age, in years, is not always the determining factor in one's mental and emotional make-up. In some individuals youth or age is innate so that they are attracted to younger or older companions who balance their inner nature. Environment also plays a vital part in age development.

In my opinion, Jim's age and Jocelyn's youth complement each other. The fact that Jocelyn was denied a normal youth would make her an eager, responsible mother to Jim's child. Take Jocelyn to your heart, Jim, for the delightful companionship you both need on your Road of Life.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the problem has been sent to:
Mrs. Lillian Adele Ball
Arlington, Texas

Mrs. Arlen Arveson
Goodridge, Minnesota

Mrs. Harry Farlow
Newington, Conn.

Mrs. Robert F. Everest
W. Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Betty Toles
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Does your daughter have truths she can trust about these Intimate Physical Facts?



Modern mothers will make sure their daughters have the latest scientific information on this intimate subject.....

When your grown daughter wants to know more about the intimate facts of life—what a relief it must be to know that you can give her the most modern scientific knowledge because you, yourself, have kept up to date.

You certainly will tell her how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness)—you will explain how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE.

Your daughter will appreciate knowing how important douching often is to health, daintiness, and always after her periods. She will welcome the warning about a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself but is so apparent to others. And she will thank her modern mother for explaining about ZONITE.

The ZONITE Principle Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist
The ZONITE principle was the first in the

world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous.

As a result, modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, over-strong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

And remember, despite its great germ-killing powers, ZONITE is positively safe to tissues. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation if present. ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Be modern—use ZONITE!

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For enlightening Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-81, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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without
Worry!



nobody can "tell"
when you use *Tampax

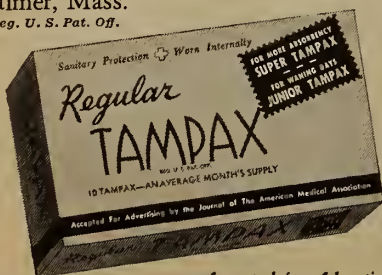
What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that *something* may possibly betray the situation.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear. . . . Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Gee, when I first saw you walk in I was sure you were Alan Ladd!



You wouldn't mind autographing a diaper for my baby, would you?



How do you feel about disc jockeys who play your records?



Well, what do you think of those who don't play your records?



Can you tell us briefly the difference between jazz and bebop?



Oh, just one last thing—may I have your autograph, Mr. Dorsey?

The bandleader

● Hordes of fans descend on Ralph Flanagan wherever he goes. George Simon, editor of the dance band musicians' magazine, *Metronome*, caught these candid shots of Ralph as he tried to answer some of the questions which were shot at him. Simon put these pictures, as well as many others, in a book called "The Bandleader." With a face like Ralph's who needs words to answer questions?

Ralph Flanagan's Let's Go Show is on ABC Mondays at 10:00 P.M. EDT under the joint sponsorship of the Army and the Air Force.



AVA GARDNER . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, **Lovely Hollywood stars** help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star . . . so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-hessed

lather, your hair shines . . . behaves . . . is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



For half an hour every Thursday night on *Father Knows Best*, Norma Jean Nilsson (left) and Rhoda Williams are sisters.

Father's children

THE TWO daughters of the Anderson Family on NBC's *Father Knows Best*, both began their professional acting careers almost in infancy.

Norma Jean Nilsson, who portrays Kathy, first stepped before the microphone as a sophisticated three-year-old. During the war she furthered her show business career by playing Army camps around the country. She has had so many radio roles that she is a charter member of the Five Hundred Club, an organization of children who have appeared on five hundred or more radio broadcasts. One of her favorite and most challenging radio appearances was on the Bob Hope Show.

Today, a pretty, hazel-eyed twelve-year-old, she attends junior high school in Hollywood. Living in Los Angeles all her life, she has become a good swimmer and is fond of the latest craze of roller-skating. Her main hobby, however, is coin collecting. Besides radio work, she has also been seen on television and appeared in several movies.

Rhoda Williams, who plays the part of Betty on the show, had a slightly later start in radio than Norma Jean did. She was already five years old before she made her first appearance. Born in Galveston, Texas, in 1930, she moved with her family to California when she was three. There she did her first microphone stint on the Kraft Music Hall, and liked it so well that she has been in radio ever since.

After graduating from Hollywood High School at the astonishing age of fourteen she continued her studies at the University of California, where she received a degree in theatre arts. Rhoda has also appeared in a number of motion pictures, one of the most recent being "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College."

Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



POETRY

THE TINKER MAN

The day was June and the sun was high
When the roving tinker man came by
With a Gaelic tune and merry eye,
The laughing tinker man.

I set the kettle and took the broom,
I brewed the tea and swept the room
The tinker sang in the twilight gloom,
The singing tinker man.

He mended kettle, he mended pan,
He said beware of a tall, dark man,
Then he drove away in his gypsy van,
The roving tinker man.

When cows bed down by the pasture bars
And soft winds talk in the oak tree spars,
Then I dream of a road beneath the stars
And a lonely tinker man.

—Alma Robison Higbee

FISHING VILLAGE

Picturesque shanties, sprawling awry,
Cocking jaunty roofs at an aching blue
sky,
Disorderly rows of mis-shapen piles
And deep water chuckling through their
shadowy aisles.

Lobster traps bleaching in monstrous
heaps
Fantastic chrysalids of the silent deep,
Fishing nets swaying with subtle grace
Like languorous houris suspended in
space.

Red and white fish boats alive on the
swell
To the rise of the buoy and the sound of
its bell,
Myriads of seagulls shrieking with glee
At the splash of an entrail into the sea.

Hip-booted fisherman ladling catches
To glittering tubs from slithering
hatches,
Ripples and sunlight and seaweed and
sand
And just a hint of the peace of the
promised land!

—John Mantley

SUMMER'S LASS

With wanton eyes 'twixt narrow
streets
She fled with sheer delight,
And though destruction followed
close
She laughed with all her might.
She waved at every passerby
And shrieked a frantic plea
For age had slowed a sprightly step
She hoped they would not see
The faded braids and shabby robe
Of which she once was proud,
And since the leaves were drifting
They soon would be her shroud,
And summer's lass just hung her head
Retreating from the crowd.

—Hazel Boyett

DEAD END

old stories are scribbled on
the walk of the one-sided street
in the tread of listless feet
headed for the bank of the Hudson.

old dreams are smothered
in the cracks of the walk
buried and long-forgotten by arid hearts.

I walked on the one-sided street
and heard a bird singing . . .

—Aline Musyl Marks

PATTERNS

The pattern of her life is fixed;
She finds escape in scores of rules.
The pattern of her life is fixed
With no remembrance intermixed
Of times now passed. These are
her tools
To shut out thoughts and ridicules;
The pattern of her life is fixed.

—Jeannette Gould Maino

SUSPICIOUS

I cut my hair with bangs and now
I'm not too sure I like them.
Folks say, "You look lots younger, dear!"
Just why should *that* thought strike 'em?

—Norah Berford Morgon

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS FOR NOVEMBER POETRY

A maximum of three original poems in each of the following four categories: Love and Romance, Philosophical Poetry, Children's Verse (state your age) and Humorous Verse will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the November issue must be submitted between July 10 and August 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by September 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: November Poetry, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

When you're close to the favorite man
in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be
near. Guard against underarm odor this
new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum
with M-3 protects against bacteria that
cause underarm odor. What's more, it
keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You
actually *build up* protection with regular
exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on
easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no
harsh ingredients. Will not rot or dis-
color finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was cre-
ated for Mum alone. And gentle new
Mum contains no water to dry out or
decrease its efficiency. No waste, no
shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get Mum!



New **MUM** cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Junior rambler

● "They call me the Human Alarm Clock, Jr.," says John A. Gambling, twenty-one-year-old son of WOR's veteran waker-upper John B. "But if the truth be known, for many of the twenty-six years my father's been doing the sunrise stint on WOR waking up New Yorkers, I was the one who woke *him* up to go to work!"

The reason WOR listeners refer to the youth as "the junior alarm clock" is that while John B. Gambling is on his month's summer vacation, his son has taken over the 6 to 7 A.M. Rambling with Gambling show.

Young John, however, is no stranger to the faithful and large Gambling audience. Ever since February 5, 1930, when John A. made his first sound in this world, the WOR family of listeners have been given daily progress reports on the youth's growth to manhood. And John A. is no stranger as a radio performer, either, having made his first appearance on his father's morning show at the age of three. He has subsequently appeared every Christmas Eve for the past ten years on his father's show reciting "The Night Before Christmas."

Gambling Junior attended the famous Horace Mann Preparatory School for Boys in New York City where he was a star halfback on the varsity football team. Entering Dartmouth College in the fall of 1947, he soon became an announcer on the undergraduate radio station, WDBS. He became station manager of WDBS in his senior year, was elected a member of the Undergraduate Council, and graduated this June with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in English Drama.

But the younger Gambling did not confine his broadcasting activities during his college years solely to the campus. On summer vacations he got jobs in New Hampshire as re-



placement announcer at WKBR, Manchester, and at WTSV, Claremont. And during his senior year in college, young John got his real baptism by fire for early morning radio broadcasting when he landed a full-time job from 7 to 9 A.M. as disc jockey for the local station in Hanover, WTSL.

John is married to Sally Loppacker Gambling of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The younger Gamblings have lived in Hanover since July, 1950. John's hobbies are sailing his sixteen-foot "Comet" Class sailboat, building model railroads, and amateur photography.

And following in the true Gambling tradition, young John A. has a little "human alarm clock" of his own. This one is just a year old, and is named John R.

The Gamblings—John A. and John B.—at the WOR mike. Young John takes over the job of waking up sleeping New Yorkers while his dad, John B., is on vacation.



Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

Who Is Hare?

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me something about Will Hare, an actor on TV? I seem to think he went under the name of Oliver Thorndike some months back. Is this the same person? Is he married and where did he start his career?

Miss M. M., Harrison, N. J.

Will Hare and Oliver Thorndike are two different people. Will Hare was born in Elkins, West Virginia and attended high school in Baltimore. Later, he worked with a little theater group, on local radio stations and in summer stock. In 1939 he appeared in Railroads on Parade at the World's Fair. His first Broadway performance was in "Eternal Light." He is not married.

Lost Tracer

Dear Editor:

Please advise why Bennett Kilpack does not appear as Mr. Keen on the Tracer of Lost Persons.

M. M., Philadelphia, Penna.

Bennett Kilpack had to give up his role as Mr. Keen for reasons of ill health.

Gift Parade

Dear Editor:

What is done with all the gifts Ted Mack receives when The Original Amateur Hour honors a certain city? To whom do they belong now, and are they ever on display?

Miss L. E. M., Mohnton, Penna.

At present the majority of the gifts received are in a warehouse being catalogued. At some future date they will be put in a museum on display for the public, but the exhibition will not be ready for quite a while. Ted Mack will publicly announce the time and place in which they will be shown.

Dimension X

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what happened to my favorite NBC program, Dimension X?

R. H. C., Indianapolis, Ind.

The last broadcast of Dimension X was heard on January 29, 1951. Although it is off the air now, there is a possibility that it may be brought back in the future. As yet no definite plans have been made.

Bill's Other Daughter

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who is playing Just Plain Bill's daughter, Nancy, now, and what happened to the actress who played the part for many years.

Mr. M. S., Chicago, Ill.

Toni Darnay is now playing the role of Bill's daughter. Ruth Russell, who formerly had the part, had to leave because of her health.

Voice of Your Show

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information on Jack Russell, the singer on Sid Caesar's Show of Shows. He really has a beautiful voice and is just perfect for television.

J. R., Manhasset, L. I.

Jack Russell started his career at the age of six in a Florida minstrel show. After studying voice for many years he finally made Broadway. His first important role was as the featured baritone in "Alive and Kicking" in 1949. When that musical closed, he was signed for Your Show of Shows. Now thirty-two, Jack is married and has two children.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

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5-day

DEODORANT
PADS!

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IN A PAD!

Dainty, moist pads
you just apply and
throw away!



dab a pad!

Nothing to smear on fingers. No drizzle! No clammy, sticky feeling! Not a spray, cream or liquid. No trickle down your sides. Complete penetration just where you want it.



Throw it away

With it throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms. It's sheer magic!

Better than Creams, Sprays, Liquids!

Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

HARMLESS TO SKIN AND CLOTHES

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25c 59c \$1

Save on cosmetic tax. Only 6% tax instead of usual 20% on other types of deodorants



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ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY FREE!

Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RT8 Offer expires in 60 days.

Who's who

Born in the shadows of Hollywood's motion picture studios, Wendy Drew had to travel three thousand miles across the country before receiving recognition as one of the outstanding young actresses of the day. Wendy wanted to give up California and try her luck on Broadway, but her family felt that at thirteen she wasn't quite old enough to live alone in New York. Instead she turned to the Air Force, and at fifteen became a member of the Special Service Department, helping to put on shows.

Wendy Drew

Wendy finally made Broadway, but after a grand whirl found herself without a job. To help make ends meet she became a cigarette girl and turned to modeling. At the ripe old age of nineteen Wendy entered television, forgetting half of her two-line part on her first show. It wasn't until she auditioned for a part on Lux Video Theater and left the directors weeping with her big scene that she really got a break. Although she is now recognized as one of the leading ingenues on TV, Wendy would like to give the legitimate theater a try next season.

One of the most arresting facts about Arnold Stang is that he is perfectly happy with the role of Gerard on NBC's Henry Morgan Show. Unlike many actors and comedians who have climbed to fame with one particular role, Stang isn't afraid of becoming "typed." The small, economy-size, twenty-eight-year-old comic, who has been likened to a near-sighted

Arnold Stang

chipmunk dragged out of the rain, has dispensed laughs on shows with many top comedians; yet every time he appears on a new television show, he points out with dismay, both the critics and the public "suddenly recognize me as 'fresh new talent.'"

Stang's career in show business began at a radio audition when he was eleven. Wearing heavy horn-rimmed glasses, and speaking in a voice somewhere between a quaver and a croak, Arnold began a serious recitation for the directors. They could not take him seriously. When they had recovered from spasms of laughter they signed him up on the spot for a comic role, a "type" of role which Stang has been handling ever since.

Maria Riva, talented daughter of Marlene Dietrich, came to the United States from her native Berlin at the age of six. Three years later she was seen with her famous actress-mother in "The Scarlet Empress," her only screen appearance. At fifteen Miss Riva enrolled in the Max Reinhardt Academy in California, remaining there as a teacher after her graduation. With

Maria Riva

Jack Geller, she later helped organize the now famous Geller's Workshop, and then came to New York to appear in "Foolish Notion" on Broadway.

The blue-eyed, titian-haired actress joined the USO in 1944 and trouped for six months in Italy and Germany, appearing in "The Front Page" before she returned to New York to resume the private teaching of dramatics. In 1947 she was married to William Riva, instructor of scenic design at Fordham University where she was a summer-session teacher. The couple now have two young sons. Miss Riva is already committed to twenty-eight CBS television appearances, among them starring roles on Studio One, Danger, Suspense, Big Town and Crime Photographer.



in TV

Ed McMahon, whose flashing nose and lettered wig open each week's performance of CBS-TV's gala circus review, *The Big Top*, is no stranger to television or circus life. During "vacations" from Boston College, McMahon worked as a sound truck announcer and barker for the "Tunnel of Love" at an amusement park. **Ed McMahon** Later he joined a circus to run a bingo game.

Shortly after this Uncle Sam beckoned and McMahon joined the Naval Cadet Corps. After leaving the service he won his B.A. from the Speech and Drama School of the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. Again he put his vacations to good use doing everything from dry cleaning to selling gadgets as a pitchman.

After graduation he applied for a job at WCAU-TV in Philadelphia. He was auditioned, hired and appeared as co-emcee of a three-hour variety show all on the same day. Of his five present TV shows he says his most enjoyable role is the clown on *The Big Top*. "Like every American boy I always wanted to run away and join the circus. *The Big Top* is a combination of two loves—circus and television."

Delora Bueno, a Brazilian beauty from Iowa, is currently conducting a one-girl television campaign to bring the music of Brazil to the people of the United States. Ideally suited to the task, Delora was born in Iowa and reared in Brazil. Living in small communities she learned the songs that fishermen sing and the lovely lullabies of the native Brazilians.

Delora Bueno

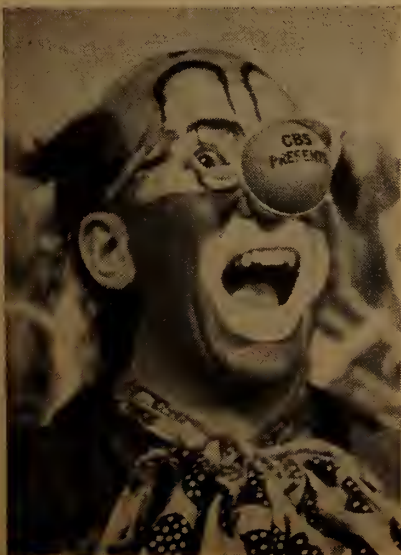
In high school Delora discovered that folk music was the same the world over, that only the rhythms were different. Music became, to her, a key for world-wide understanding. Coming to New York she studied at the Juilliard School of Music and found her Brazilian folk songs in great demand. After graduation she brought her songs to night clubs.

Television and Delora were made for each other. To television Delora brings her dark beauty, rich voice and unusual songs. To Delora television is the best medium for Inter-American understanding. She has had her own TV show and was seen on *Flight to Rhythm* over DuMont. Since then she has made many radio and TV guest appearances.

It is quite fitting that one of the outstanding champions of American music and musicians should be Howard Barlow. Barlow made his modest debut at the age of six at a Sunday School social. Several years later he started studying piano, cello, trumpet and tympany. Although the family envisioned a business career for the lad, young Howard had other ideas.

Howard Barlow

After studying music at Columbia University he turned to choral conducting and soon directed small instrumental groups to accompany the singers. In 1923 he founded the American National Orchestra, composed entirely of American-born musicians and featuring American-composed music. With radio in its infancy, Barlow was one of the pioneers to put classical music on the air, at a time when such a move was considered impractical. He brought to the vast radio audience for the first time compositions of native Americans. Today, as musical director of NBC-TV's *Voice of Firestone*, he is bringing the music he has championed to television audiences throughout the country.



Three from Buffalo



Talent seems to run in the WGR family. Whether you want the best in news reporting or the best in music, you'll have to go far to beat this Buffalo trio.

WGR Chief Announcer, Allan Lewis, is one of Buffalo's leading newscasters, best known, perhaps, for his daily 6 P.M. and 11 P.M. news summaries. Allan's clarity and businesslike reporting make news items easy to understand, easy to remember. As a tribute to his consistency, it might be mentioned that one of his news sponsors has been with him for over six years. A Detroitier, Allan made a courageous switch to radio in 1942, leaving behind a successful career in the clothing business. The gamble paid off for Allan, and for news-hungry Buffalonians, too.



For twenty years as Music Director of WGR, the only Buffalo station maintaining a full-fledged orchestra, Dave Cheskin is by far the most popular conductor in western New York. If there's a big function, be it college prom or convention ball, the odds are Cheskin will be there supplying the music. Dave came to WGR from Rochester, when he was only sixteen and a violin virtuoso. An all-high centerfielder in his early days, he still maintains a tremendous interest in baseball. But music is really his first love, as shown by his highly-rated shows, heard Monday through Friday at 6:30 P.M.



WGR's morning news voice is David Getman, who lives up to a rugged work schedule six days a week. Up at 4 A.M., Dave is at the station by 5:30 each morning to "sign on" and begin a series of five newscasts: the first at 6 A.M., the last at 9:50 A.M. As if these rather gruelling hours weren't enough work for one man, Dave has been studying in his spare time at the University of Buffalo, majoring in Political Science. A native Buffalonian, Dave is an ardent golfer and finds some compensation for his odd schedule in the fact that his afternoons are free.

Burns and Allen Show

George Burns: The person I get the most mail about is Jack Benny. And everybody asks the same question—is Jack really as stingy as they say on radio? Well I just wish you could see the Johnnie Walker Black Label he gave me for Christmas. How he got it off the bottle I'll never know.

Burns and Allen Show: Alternate Thursdays, 8:30 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

Life With Luigi

Luigi: It's funny about sitting in the park in America. If a man sits on park bench to enjoy the sun, he's called a sun bather. But if he sit on that park bench all year, he's called a bum.

Life With Luigi: Tues., 9:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

Rate Your Mate

Says emcee Joey Adams: "My grammar school teacher used to hit me on the head with a ruler. But I got the highest marks in the class. They were all on my scalp."

Rate Your Mate: Sun., 4:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

My Friend Irma

Jane: Listen to this, sweetie. "Broadway producer loses twenty-five thousand dollar suit."

Irma: Well, if he paid that much for it, he probably has an extra pair of pants.

My Friend Irma: Mon., 10:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

You Bet Your Life

Groucho Marx asked an opera teacher, "Suppose I wanted to get up a lady quartette, could you find me one that sings bass?"

"No, the contralto is as low as a lady goes," was the reply.

After a long, raised-eyebrows-look, Grouch remarked, "Obviously, we don't know the same kind of ladies."

You Bet Your Life: Wed., 9:00 P.M., EDT, NBC.

Vaughn Monroe Show

Ziggy Talent, comedian-singer on the show, defines honor among gagwriters as a steal trust.

Vaughn Monroe Show: Tues., 9:00 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV.

We Take Your Word

Lyman Bryson: "Social lion" comes from the old phrase, calling a person a lion if he was a person of great social importance, somebody that a hostess was very likely to go after to get to a party.

John McCaffery: Why was that kind of a person called a lion?

Lyman Bryson: Well, the lion is the king of the beasts, and there's nothing more beastly than the average social lion.

We Take Your Word: Fri., 10:00 P.M., EDT, CBS.

Talent Scouts

"Don't get me wrong," says Arthur Godfrey, "I'm proud to be paying taxes in the United States. The only thing is—I could be just as proud for half the money."

Talent Scouts: Mondays, 8:30 P.M., EDT, over CBS and CBS-TV.



FRETTING
because you don't know
what's effective yet harmless for
INTIMATE FEMININE
HYGIENE?



Then Learn How This Greaseless
Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous
Germicidal and Deodorizing Action!

The practice of intimate feminine cleanliness is most important to a woman's health, charm, married serenity, after her periods and always as a protection from a source of odor—far more offensive than bad breath or body odor.

And the modern woman will find Zonitors reduce hygiene to its simplest, daintiest, yet *ever-so-effective* form! They are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which possess the *same* powerful germ-killing and deodorizing type action as world-famous ZONITE. When inserted, Zonitors assure *hours of continuous* action. Positively non-poisonous. Non-irritating. So easy to carry in your purse.

What Zonitors Do

Zonitors eliminate any offensive odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can **DEPEND** on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. And they are absolutely **SAFE** to the most delicate tissues!



Mail coupon for FREE book just published, revealing intimate facts in frank language, with drawings and full explanation of this new *modernized* hygiene. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-81, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



WAS GRANDPA CORNY?

When I was young, grandpa was so embarrassing...

If anyone questioned his pet brands, he'd take it as a personal insult.

Once, when an old cmony made some slurring remarks about grandpa's favorite brand of pipe tobacco, he refused to speak to the man for two years.

But he was most embarrassing about that car of his. He'd bought it back in 1919... and from that day on, he took full credit for everything about it.

Whenever he saw another car of the same make, he'd go up to the owner like the fellow was a long-lost brother. He'd button-hole perfect strangers, and practically kiss 'em!

To a small boy it was agony... could anything be *cornier*?

As I grew older, I began to see that having brand names you could look for and *trust*, wasn't a bad idea at that.

Maybe it is "corny" to think of familiar brands as old friends...

But it's good to know exactly what you're getting. It's reassuring to realize that most manufacturers of brand name products spend money for research and quality control to make their brands live up to their name.

They know the best way to make money is to make *friends!*

Every day thousands of these brands are fiercely competing for your friendship... trying to give you *more and more value and quality.*

If value, and better products, and better living are "corn," let's have more of it.

As you study the ads in these pages, remember... brand names are names of friends you can *count on!*

**Whenever you buy—
demand the brand you want**

Brand Names Foundation
INCORPORATED

A non-profit educational foundation
37 WEST 57 STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

●●● *In the Army now,
Godfrey's young baritone finds
a soldier's happiness often
depends on what you can do*

A letter from Bill Lawrence

Army Hospital
Fort Dix, New Jersey

Dear Friends:

I am writing this to all of you who've so kindly thought of me and written CBS and RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR for some news. Most of you know I'm in the army but there are still many who haven't heard that I've been in the hospital since the day I was inducted. This is a sorry state of affairs and I haven't been able to do justice to my correspondence, although my mother and Janette Davis's sister, Carolyn, have tried to answer many letters. Right now, though, I'd just like to write an ordinary letter, and if you don't mind, pass on a few words of advice.

My luck has been bad since I was sworn in a few months ago. The very first day a case of flu sent me to a hospital ward. That was followed by a severe strep throat and I am now suffering, and I do mean suffering, with yellow jaundice. It hasn't hurt me to lose thirteen pounds but I can think of easier ways to do it. But the doctors and nurses have been swell. That's one side of (Continued on page 73)



Here's Mary Margaret

She came from Missouri with one shining dream—that she exchanged it for another has meant more than anything else she could have done

BY JO PEARSON

Mary Margaret and Eleanor Roosevelt have known each other since FDR was governor of New York. "She's the world's greatest woman," says MM.

Two girls from Missouri talk things over. Mary Margaret interviewed Margaret Truman on TV the night her father won the 1948 nomination for President.

Mary Margaret drew almost as many people as a World Series game when her fifteenth year on the air was celebrated at Yankee Stadium in 1949.



THE day was like any other. Fifty to sixty women, their flowered hats bobbing cheerfully, stood in the hallway which led to the studio. Waiting at the entrance, as is her pre-broadcast custom, was Mary Margaret McBride, her warm handshake extended to them one by one. Then out of the line tottered a tiny, elderly lady in well-brushed black relieved by worn but carefully-pressed touches which were as white as the neat bun visible under her black straw. She thrust a tissue-wrapped package into Mary Margaret's hands and darted away. In the swirl of handshakes and greetings, no one noticed that she hadn't returned to her place in line.

The tissue fell away under Mary Margaret's round hands to reveal an exquisite cut-glass bowl. The note attached to it read:

Dear Miss McBride:

This is the last of my wedding presents and I want you to have it. They are taking me away to the old people's home today. Goodbye, and thank you for the many hours of pleasure your program has given me.

"Well, goodness!" said Mary Margaret. "Where is she? Where is she? Stella, please find her!"

Stella Karn, Mary Margaret's good friend, manager, and "no" woman, raced to the elevators. No little lady. The operator remembered seeing such a person going down a few minutes before. He sped Stella to the main floor. The starter, too, remembered seeing a little old woman hurrying down the crowded RCA Building halls. Stella



Here's Mary Margaret

Clearly a child of the new century, tho' born just before it opened, was Mary Margaret at seven months.

Tommy was older but Mary was bigger—there were no disputes about who was boss!

The curl may have belied her brains, but no one doubted MM was one of the University's prettiest co-eds.

Sophisticated New Yorker McBride, with her earrings and Italian stole, traveled and wrote for the magazines.



Mary Margaret McBride is heard Mon.-Fri., 1-2 P.M. EDT, WJZ, New York; 9:15-10:15 A.M. CDT, WGN, Chicago; and on the ABC network 2-2:30 P.M. EDT; 1-1:30 P.M. CDT; 2-2:30 P.M. MDT & PDT. Also heard in Honolulu and Alaska; residents of these areas can consult local papers for correct times. (Participating sponsors.)

raced up and down the corridors but the little woman was not to be found.

Mary Margaret's disappointment was genuine when Stella reported back. She is used to such devotion from her listeners but it never fails to move her.

"That poor dear woman!" she exclaimed. "She didn't even leave her name."

Most McBride admirers do not prefer to remain so anonymous, as Mary Margaret and her staff, who faithfully acknowledge tons of letters and thousands of gifts annually, well know.

Since starting on the air in 1934 as Martha Deane, Mary Margaret has become one of the most beloved women in America, second alone, perhaps, to Eleanor Roosevelt, who is an ardent McBride fan as well as a devoted McBride friend. Mrs. Roosevelt publicly confessed to having been so engrossed while listening to Mary Margaret's commercials when she was a guest on the program one day, that she had a hard time getting back to the United Nations matters they'd been discussing.

TO THE millions of women who drop less ponderous problems to listen, Mary Margaret's commercials are often as fascinating as her daily interviews with the world-famous. Listeners are quick to sense her belief in a product and equally quick to adopt it for their own. She is as convincing as the chat across a supermarket pushcart or the confidence exchanged on a back stoop. No one doubts for a minute that the rolls she extolls aren't the most delectable ever baked, that the ice cream doesn't have a truer flavor than any other, or that the bargains in the chain store aren't the most incredible ones in town.

Part of Mary Margaret's ability to convince lies in her own delight in good food; the rest in an unshakable belief in the simple but seldom adhered to adage that honesty is the best policy. She accepts no sponsor whose product does not pass her rigid standards for quality. Knowing this, more than one woman believes that if Mary Margaret says it, it's so.

Unlike those of radio row who regard sponsors as an evil, no matter how necessary, Mary Margaret gives as much affection and loyalty to her sponsors as she receives from her fans. When she

switched networks last fall, not one of her sixteen sponsors considered remaining behind. Such accord didn't always exist between Mary Margaret and the people who wanted to buy time on her program. In her early days of radio, the very idea of a sponsor terrified Mary Margaret. She preferred doing and saying things in her own unorthodox way, and she didn't want anyone around cramping her style. When sponsors did buy time on her show, she was firm in keeping them away from the studio. To one who insisted on attending a broadcast, she said, "Listen, I'm Irish, and when I tell you not to come around, don't come around!" It was six years and many contracts later before the man summoned enough courage to attend a Mary Margaret McBride broadcast.

From the very beginning, Mary Margaret took the stand that radio is no different from newspaper work for a reporter—which is what she had been and which is what she has remained. Few things distress her more than being called a commentator.

"I DON'T comment," she says with good-natured emphasis, "I interview. And I don't editorialize. I only try to tell about the interesting things people are doing."

More often, Mary Margaret manages to get her celebrated guests to talk about themselves. Rodgers and Hammerstein come in to discuss their new musical, "The King and I," bringing with them its sparkling star, Gertrude Lawrence. General Omar Bradley and his wife reminisce about Missouri—Mrs. Bradley and Mary Margaret were childhood playmates. The Dionne Quints, on their first trip to New York and with just one radio show to make, make it with Mary Margaret. Betty Smith returns as a guest, this time to tell Mary Margaret about the musical made from her famous book, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." The circus doctor from Barnum and Bailey's tells about his patients. Mary Garden recalls the glory of her singing career.

"There's hardly anyone we haven't had," says Stella Karn.

A frequent guest before he had his own program was New York's former mayor, the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia. His appearances (Continued on page 85)



Mary Margaret's first impulse, when she made money, was to help ease her mother's old age. She took Mrs. McBride to Europe, later bought her a home in Florida.



Studio audiences are always welcomed by Mary Margaret. The ladies were especially delighted when guest General Bradley received, too.

Smart in their minks, Mary Margaret and Stella Karn greeted each other after Stella's return from covering the first U. N. Conference.



Li-Li and Bo-Lum, MM's godchildren, visited her on the Chinese New Year. Bo-Lum's American name is Calvin Coolidge. His father runs famous Lee's restaurant of Chinatown.





255



1



3



Phil's family

Sons, daughters, grandchildren—the Regans
have every good reason to believe
that more is very much the merrier

BY FREDDA BALLING

THE home of Phil and Josephine ("Jo") Regan is situated on a quiet, secluded street in Pasadena, the city which is, you will remember, the home of the Tournament of Roses and the New Year's Day Rose Bowl game.

Geographically, Pasadena is some twenty odd miles from Hollywood via the Arroyo Seco Freeway, but emotionally the cities are poles apart. Hollywood is glamour, hotcha, roaring talent, overnight success and overnight heartbreak; it is the Broadway, plus Coney Island, plus Tenth Avenue of the west.

Pasadena is the Civic Auditorium, the Huntington Memorial Library, California Institute of Technology, tradition, pomp, and circumstance. In the jewelry trade diamond choker necklaces are called "Pasadena dog collars." Pasadena is also Going to Church, Maintaining Tradition, Clinging to Modesty and Sensible Behavior, Revering the Family. It is Southampton and Bar Harbor—with palm trees.

The Regan house is—like the majority of Pasadena houses—old, vine-grown, shrub-surrounded, and dreaming in the sunlight. It rambles. Its 'dobe-colored stucco walls are cool in the heat of the day and warm in the moonlight.

Its original (*Continued on page 68*)

The Servicemen's Own Show, with Phil Regan, is heard Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EDT on CBS stations. Sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.

1. Putting Dad to work, the girls think, is always a good idea, especially at dishwashing time.

2. But when it comes to tinkering with the car, Phil puts the boys to work, under his direction, of course!

3. The Regans: back row, Joseph, wife JoAnn, Phil, Jr., wife Loanne; front row Joan, Phil, baby Johanna, Mrs. Regan, Mike, Bridgid and Marilyn.

4. Phil was a grandfather at thirty-seven. Here he is with Joe's children, Bridgid, 3, and Michael, 7.





**Rosemary
asks:**

How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

Once a man has made a mistake is he
forever after unworthy of trust? As Bill leaves,
Rosemary searches her heart for the answer

BILL DAWSON left Springdale some time ago in search of an advertising career in New York. He soon became involved in an affair with Blanche Weatherby, daughter of his boss. Although Rosemary knew what was going on, she kept her knowledge to herself for a while. Finally, however, the problem was brought out in the open between Bill and Rosemary. Bill, very much upset, went out for a walk in an attempt to get things clear in his mind, and was hit by a truck. He was badly hurt. It was when he was on the road to recovery that he realized that he loved Rosemary and must forget Blanche.

Rosemary and Bill returned to Springdale and for a while all was well with them. But a short time ago Bill quit his job and told Rosemary he was going back to New York to make another attempt to find his life work there. He would send for her when he had found a job and a place for them to live. It was then that the question began to torture Rosemary—how far

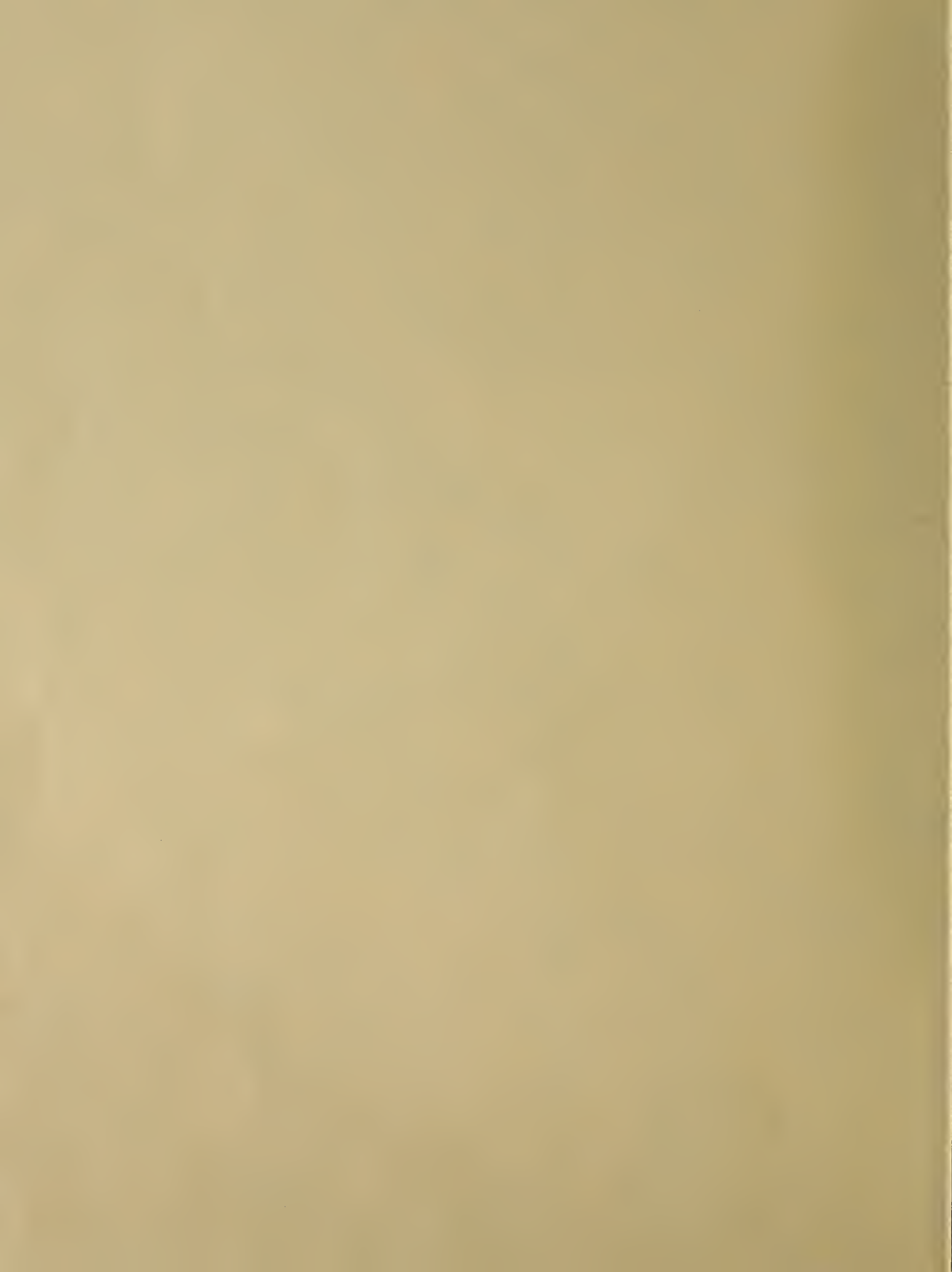
could she trust Bill, how much faith could she have in him? He had made one mistake—would he make another? Was it unfair of her to suspect his motives.

From your own experience, from that of your friends and family, what is *your* opinion? How much faith should a woman have in her husband?

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "How Much Faith Should A Woman Have In Her Husband?" Writer of the best answer, in the opinion of the editors, will be paid \$25.00; to writers of five next-best answers will go \$5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Rosemary, c/o RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than August 1, 1951, and should have this notice attached.

Heard Monday through Friday at 11:45 A.M., EDT, CBS network stations, Rosemary is sponsored by P&G's Ivory Snow and Prell.





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*Does a secretary's viewpoint
differ from everyone else's? Not in
this case! Gordie's Girl Friday knows he's as
terrific as others can only think he is*

My boss,



"The whole MacRae family is in the terrific class anyway," says Betty Cooley, meaning Sheila, Meredith Lynn, Heather Allison, Gar—and Gordon, of course.



Gordon MacRae

BY BETTY COOLEY

A SECRETARY looking at her boss—any secretary, that is, not just me looking at Gordon MacRae—gets a pretty good, honest picture of the man she works for. A better all-around picture than, say, his wife—who's pretty much predisposed to see only the good in him or she wouldn't have fallen in love and married him. Better than his mother, who perhaps still thinks of him as her little boy. Better than the one-sided picture you get from friends who see him only at his best.

With a calm, dispassionate eye a secretary can view her boss, assess his faults and his virtues. Being handy with a typewriter, she can put them all down on paper. And there, if you want a really well-rounded picture of the man, you have it. A well-

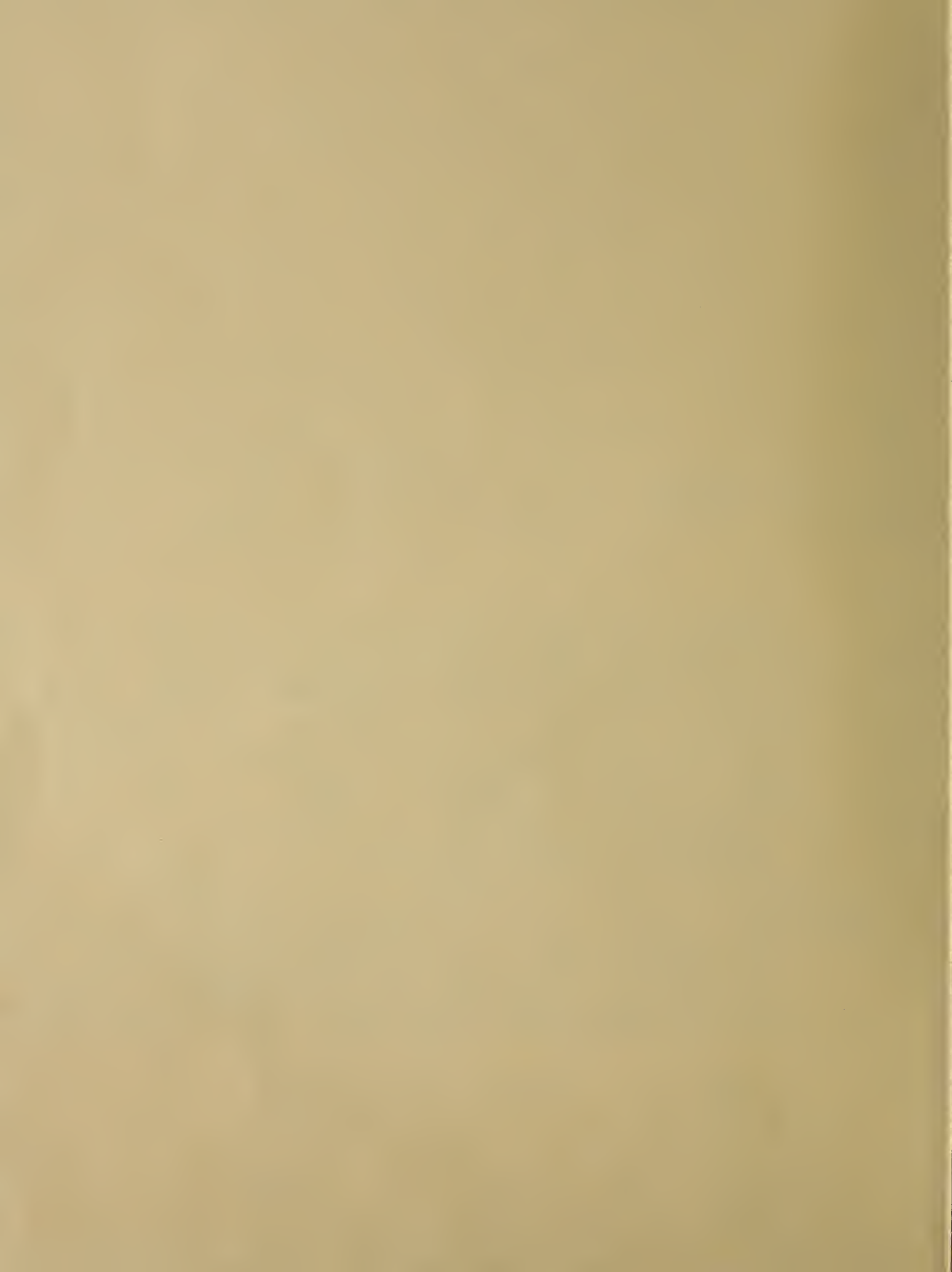
rounded picture but a pleasant one—after all, if she didn't like the guy she'd go off and get herself another job, wouldn't she?

Since October of 1948, when *The Railroad Hour* first went on the air and I first began to work with Gordon MacRae, I haven't had the slightest desire to go off and get myself another job. So I'm in a pretty good position to give you that well-rounded picture of a guy who's a very good guy.

Sometimes your first impressions don't hold up on longer acquaintance. My first impressions of Gordie were that he was completely down-to-earth, unaffected and good-natured. (And awfully handsome, of course, but who doesn't *(Continued on page 79)*)

The Railroad Hour, with Gordon MacRae, is heard Mon., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor: Association of American Railroads.





Does a secretary's viewpoint differ from everyone else's? Not in this case! Gordie's Girl Friday knows he's as terrific as others can only think he is

My boss, Gordon MacRae



"The whole MacRae family is in the terrific class anyway," says Betty Cooley, meaning Sheila, Meredith Lynn, Heather Allison, Gar—and Gordon, of course.



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With a calm, dispassionate eye a secretary can view her boss, assess his faults and his virtues. Being handy with a typewriter, she can put them all down on paper. And there, if you want a really well-rounded picture of the man, you have it. A well-

rounded picture but a pleasant one—after all, if she didn't like the guy she'd go off and get herself another job, wouldn't she?

Since October of 1948, when *The Railroad Hour* first went on the air and I first began to work with Gordon MacRae, I haven't had the slightest desire to go off and get myself another job. So I'm in a pretty good position to give you that well-rounded picture of a guy who's a very good guy.

Sometimes your first impressions don't hold up on longer acquaintance. My first impressions of Gordie were that he was completely down-to-earth, unaffected and good-natured. (And awfully handsome, of course, but who doesn't *(Continued on page 79)*)

The Railroad Hour, with Gordon MacRae, is heard Mon., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor: Association of American Railroads.



Dick was extremely handsome, dated so much, Betty didn't consider him good husband-material. She relented when he assured her he'd only been shopping for the right girl—and the moment he saw her he knew that his shopping days were over!

On their wedding day Dick and Betty had tea with Bride and Groom's John Nelson. Now there are twosome meals three times a day for Betty and her husband. Betty's a good cook, Dick says. She adds, "Maybe he's a little bit prejudiced?"



Wasn't it a lovely wedding?

By BETTY BAKER

If you watch Bride and Groom, you'll remember the day that "Mrs." was added to Betty's name

Isn't that a pretty name . . . Betty Baker? *Mrs.* Betty Baker, if you please. I'm so proud of it.

Of course, I haven't been Betty Baker very long; only since last March 20th. Before that I was Betty Mitchell. *Miss* Betty Mitchell. I acquired the Baker name along with Dick, my wonderful husband. Lots of you know how handsome he is, too, because you saw him at our wedding. Remember? It was on the *Bride and Groom* television program. And wasn't it a lovely wedding?

I know you'll forgive me if I dwell on how handsome Dick is. Actually, it was his good looks that almost kept me from becoming his wife. I thought he was conceited when I first met him—which he wasn't—and I also thought he was a playboy—which he was. It seemed as though he never dated the same girl twice. Dick says that's because he always felt that when the right girl came along he'd know her immediately, and he was always looking for that girl.

The very first time I met him, Dick said to me: "Betty, I've always known that when I met the girl I was going to marry I'd recognize her. And you're the girl." Of course, I thought that was just a "line"; I had figured him as a wolf!

Ours was a stormy romance at first, but once I discovered how wrong my appraisal of Dick was, the thunderclouds disappeared and everything has gone smoothly and happily ever since.

We're very lucky in having had the chance to be married on *Bride and Groom*. So many people who attended our wedding through the magic of television have written to us, telling us little things that have made their own marriages happy and successful over many long years, and others have told us about their own romances, which started off as stormy as ours and developed into lifelong wedded bliss. Through these letters from *Bride and Groom* viewers (Continued on page 82)



*Golf, Dick's favorite sport, is now Betty's. Dick and Betty were married on *Bride and Groom*, seen 3:15 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV. Tu. & Th. Sponsor Th.: Hudson Pulp and Paper.*

*O*n being a person

**BY
LARAINÉ
DAY**

*A philosophy
for popularity:
think of others first
and you'll never have
to worry about yourself*

THE TOP interest in my life is the Giants—the Giants baseball team. I have a husband who manages it, a son who sleeps and breathes it, a daughter who loves the excitement of it, and a television show built around it!

Come to think of it, perhaps right there I have my first tip on developing a personality—but I'm getting ahead of myself, for you can't very well develop one unless you decide first just what the word means. You're not born with personality—like Topsy, it just grows. It's called by various names, such as charm, poise, self-confidence, and it all boils down to one fundamental trait: you like people, and people like you. At least, you do and they do if you have an interesting, attractive personality.

We all think we like people. But is that strictly true? The girl who acts superior to her gang at school (that was I to a T) or Mrs. No-One-Likes on your block, are cut from the same cloth. They say they like people but they don't like them well enough to give them a chance to be friendly. I know because, very frankly, I've been that way myself. I wish I'd been smart enough in school to realize that I was only cheating myself—only hurting myself. Deep down I wanted to be every bit as popular as the girl who got asked out every night and I'm sure Mrs. No-One-Likes envies Mrs. Popular because she's in the thick of her P.T.A. work and gets invited to more kaffee-klatsches than any woman in the neighborhood. Everyone pities Miss Superior in high school and Mrs. No-One-Likes, yes, but (*Continued on page 84*)

Laraine Day can be seen and heard on The Laraine Day Show, 1 P.M. EDT, Saturdays, sponsored by Odorono and Cutex, and Daydreaming With Laraine, 7:15 P.M. Thursdays. Both programs, ABC-TV.

Most charming guest on Laraine's TV program—Dr. Mary Sloop, who was voted Mother Of The Year.



When she's not being Laraine Day on TV, she's Mrs. Leo Durocher of Park Avenue—and the Polo Grounds!



At the ball park: Michele likes crowds and excitement, Chris just plain loves baseball!



Laraine in her Giant-fan role tells Monte Irvin, Hank Thompson, how many hits she expects today.



If there's a man with more mothers than Dennis James, let him come forth and make his claim. But Dennis' activities aren't all on the distaff side—the ladies' husbands know him for his ringside announcing of the prizefights and the wrestling bouts.



What rhymes with James?



IF YOU have watched Okay Mother, a DuMont daily television program, or listened to the many Dennis James television and radio assignments, you know what Dennis means when he tells you, "My mother says I was vaccinated with a victrola needle." He can talk, either in prose or poetry, as fast as any record can play it. His rhymes are always spontaneous, and always fun, especially when he plays the Line and Rhyme game on Okay Mother. "You supply the line and I'll supply the rhyme," he announces to the studio audience, and they're off.

Now we are turning the tables and asking Dennis to supply the lines and let our readers supply the rhymes, for prizes of course. (See Dennis' lines and details of the contest on the next page.)

Dennis himself has rhymed as many as twenty-five lines on one program. People sometimes throw him curves, like the word anti-disestablishmentarianism, which so caught him by surprise at first that even he was silent. Then he gave it a little thought, came up with the rhyme, "prism." A pretty young matron recently insisted, "A word that sticks me quite a bit is the one called hospital," but Dennis was equal to that too. "I had a bite but it wasn't from a wasp at all," he assured her neatly.

Dennis has talked in spurts of verse since he was in grammar school. His public rhyming started one night when he was announcing a wrestling match and there was an interlude to be filled with talk. Referring to a fighter, Dennis sud-

Dennis does a turnabout: he supplies the line, you



Dennis' forays into the audience are ritual on Okay Mother, and none would be complete without his singling out some mothers for kissing. Handsome Dennis never encounters any objections.

denly said, "He's out of the ring, but he'll be back, and when he does, two heads will crack." The crowd cheered, and that was all the encouragement he needed. He's been rhyming ever since.

Here are the six lines for which you'll supply rhyming last lines. The last word in *your* line must rhyme with the last word in the given line. Here's an example:

*My mother tells me to stick to
my studies,
But I'd rather play baseball
with my gang of buddies.*

Keeping this in mind, supply a last line for each of these six lines:

1. *A fancy name for TV is video,*

2. *My favorite pastime is the crossword puzzle,*

3. *I come from the banks of the Mississippi,*

4. *Our American rights will be inalienable forever,*

5. *Wrestling has always been a big hit on TV,*

6. *A lot of guys on TV are mighty suave,*

You'll find a list of prizes in the column at the right. And be sure to read the rules before sending in your entry.

supply the rhyme—and try for an exciting prize!

Rhyme Contest Rules

Here are the prizes in the RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR-Dennis James Rhyme Contest:

1st Prize: Tula, famous for its "at home" wear, has made a pure silk organza peignoir, rainbow-hued and a perfect hostess gown for the feminine woman. (Value: \$35.00)

2nd Prize: A Revlon gift package that will take care of your glamour from lip to fingertip. Includes Dream Eye Make-up Kit, lipsticks, nail polish, hand lotion, etc. (Value: \$35.00)

3rd Prize: \$15.00

4th Prize: \$10.00

5th Prizes: \$5.00 each to five 5th place winners

Write your rhyme lines on a separate piece of paper; attach to it the coupon below, properly filled out, and address to Dennis James Rhyme Contest, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked no later than August 1, 1951. Dennis James and the editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will be the judges; all decisions are final. Entries become the property of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR and none can be returned. The editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Be sure to fill out the coupon below.

Okay Mother with Dennis James, is telecast M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, DuMont Network. Dennis announces the Monday evening wrestling bouts and the Thursday evening boxing for DuMont; also the major prize-fights on CBS-TV; The Original Amateur Hour, NBC-TV; and Stop the Music, ABC-TV.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS or P.O. BOX.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(We need the following information in case you should win 1st or 2nd Prizes: Be sure to fill in these blanks)

Dress size:.....

Check one:
My coloring is blonde—brunette—
auburn—

Bailey's barbecue



*A lesson in the fine
art of the barbecue by
Jack Bailey, your
Queen for a Day emcee*

←
1. First—the costume: What's a chef without an apron? Besides, his wife gave it to him so he had better wear it!

↗
2. To build the fire: Douse kindling well with gasoline, throw in a match, and pray that the party does not end right there.

→
3. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who doesn't try to carry all the equipment in one unmanageable load?

→
4. Time out while the chef checks the cook book. Jack never can remember—does salt keep the flavor in or let it out?





←

5. Like a finicky old maid trying to put a worm on a fish hook, the master attempts to make the spit and steak meet.



→

6. Somehow wife, Carol, remains unimpressed with Jack's lecture. Demonstration ends with slightly burnt finger.

←

7. Lovingly, chef Bailey prepares to carve. Hmm—must be a dull knife. Doesn't anybody sharpen these things?

→

8. A little well done, but wonderful flavor. Ooops! Oh well—the dentist said I should have had that tooth pulled anyhow.

←

9. Certainly it's not tough. You simply can't get into the spirit of things if you use a knife and fork on a good steak.

→

10. What a feast! Just can't eat another mouthful. Come here Chi-Chi! Leave it to a dog to know a fine piece of meat.



BY FRANCES KISH


SOMETIMES a real life story parallels the most exciting fiction on television or radio, and in many ways exceeds it in drama, sentiment, courage and humor. Such is the story of Susan Peters, young motion picture actress who was paralyzed from the waist down as the result of a hunting accident in January 1945, and who is now giving a glowing performance five times a week in the daytime serial drama, Miss Susan. In a Philadelphia television studio the real life Susan sits in a wheelchair and portrays the fictional Miss Susan Martin, a youthful lawyer who had been crippled seven years before in an automobile accident in which her parents were killed.

That much of the script, of course, had to be planned. It was obvious that the girl Susan Peters played would have to be in a wheelchair, because Susan is. But the show's writer had no idea when it was decided to make Susan Martin a lawyer that the real Susan was planning to take a law course. Planning it so definitely that "I'm saving my money like mad so I can go to school and I'm already studying by myself," she tells you.

Her interest in law began when she helped another paraplegic prepare for his legal examinations and then took an aptitude test herself. "I got a rating of 97, and was told by the examiner, 'You're in the wrong business. You have the mind of a lawyer and business woman.' I hope some day to be both," she adds.

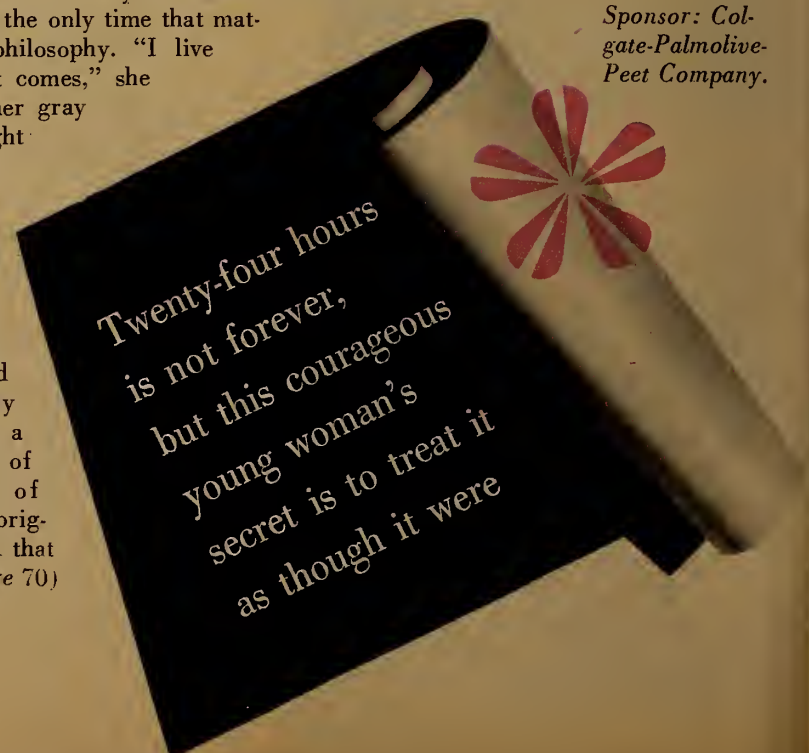
Successfully playing Miss Susan would appear to be the right business for Susan Peters right now if the fan mail is any indication. And "right now" is the only time that matters, in her philosophy. "I live each day as it comes," she says, and as her gray eyes look straight

into yours
you know
these aren't
empty words.
"I think I always did, even before my accident. I learned that from my grandmother, a Frenchwoman of such strength of character and originality of mind that
(Cont'd on page 70)



**Live
each
day**

*Miss Susan,
with Susan
Peters, is telecast
M-F, 3 P.M.
EDT, NBC-TV.
Sponsor: Col-
gate-Palmolive-
Peet Company.*



Twenty-four hours
is not forever,
but this courageous
young woman's
secret is to treat it
as though it were



How to be a hostess



MRS. ROOSEVELT was Dorothy's idea of a perfect guest. "She found each person she talked to stimulating. She was poised before the cameras, and she didn't feel that she had to arrive fashionably late—in fact, she was a half hour early!"

WHEN someone compliments you, don't apologize," says Dorothy. "You insult your guest's taste when you point out something that's wrong in face of a sincere compliment." Dorothy's work on the loom is toward a huge hook rug.



• Little more than three years ago I found myself in front of a television camera for the first time, introducing Joan Blondell to an audience of hundreds of you critical viewers. Suddenly my knees turned to jelly, as I thought, "Dorothy, your manners are showing." Hardly had the camera been capped on that initial program than the telephone rang and a polite but puzzled woman was proving my worst fears were justified.

"Why didn't you show your guest to the door when you said goodbye?" she inquired. Ashamed of the fact that in working out the program I hadn't thought about the rudeness of such an omission, I stuttered through an excuse, mentally making a note that this would never again happen on my program.

The next day, I followed my listener's advice and the results were (*Continued on page 74*)

Vanity Fair's Dorothy Doan finds that being a good and gracious hostess is easily accomplished. Her four rules can add up to happy guests for anyone

BY DOROTHY DOAN

DOROTHY DOAN daily invites from two to five famous persons into her living room, located at CBS where Vanity Fair is telecast Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 2:45 P.M. EDT. Dorothy's own graciousness is more than enough endorsement for her advice.



WHEN your husband's boss comes to dinner," says Dorothy, "do invite people whom you know he'll find interesting." Dorothy finds the rules she follows on TV are equally applicable to home. Husband Richard is a TV executive.



SALLY VICTOR, above left, brought along some of her millinery creations to be modeled on the day that she was a guest on Vanity Fair. Dorothy's variety in guests is infinite—she's had everyone from Dali to Dewey appearing on her program.



GILBERT PHILLIPS, left, manager of the AAA's New York Travel Department, gave tips on vacation auto travel, outlining routes and giving sound advice for comfortable and scenic trips.

Ellen's love and courage
are sorely tested in
this episode from the life of

Young Widder Brown

NOT long ago, at a time when Ellen Brown's engagement to Dr. Anthony Loring had been broken as the result of a misunderstanding, Horace Steele, a wealthy widower, came to Simpsonville to live. With him he brought his daughter Jacqueline. And with him, too, he brought trouble and anguish for Ellen and Anthony. The pictures on these pages tell the story of that episode in the life of Young Widder Brown.

In these pictures, as on the air, the cast of Young Widder Brown:
Ellen Brown... Florence Freeman
Anthony Loring... Ned Wever
Horace Steele... Horace Braham
Jacqueline Steele... Elaine Rost
Lita Haddon... Sarah Burton
Ralph Jordan... Lauren Gilbert

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Young Widder Brown is heard Mon.-Fri. at 4:30 P.M. EDT over NBC stations; sponsored by Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



Unaware of the tragedy which newcomer Horace Steele will soon bring into their lives, Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring welcome the rich widower to Simpsonville, wish Steele and his daughter Jacqueline good luck and happiness in their newly chosen home.



Unrest begins when Horace falls in love with Ellen. No longer engaged to Ellen, Anthony resents Steele, wonders if Ellen returns his love.



New York socialite Lita Haddon calls on Ellen, warns that she is going to marry Steele—Ellen's friendship with him must stop or there'll be trouble!



Lita's jealousy prompting him, Horace comes to ask Ellen to marry him. Anthony, sensing the reason for the visit, leaves with a heavy heart.



A little later Anthony is called to Steele's home—and finds him dead! Lita Haddon accuses Anthony of murdering Steele in a jealous rage.



Ellen comforts Steele's daughter but her thoughts are with Anthony, who has been arrested and faces trial for murder. Ellen loves him, will stand by him.



Talking to D.A. Ralph Jordan they know that together they can brave this test of courage, confident that at the end Anthony will be cleared!



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR'S

daytime fashions for you

PARIS at a price—isn't that every woman's dream? And isn't it wonderful to find that dreams can, do, come true? The designer of the smart cottons seen here went to Paris, saw the collections of the great designers, brought home to you styles she felt would be wearable, fashion-wise additions to young-American-housewife wardrobes. Here are two of these Paris inspirations, adapted from famous-name designers. Biggest, most important news of all, the budget-in-mind price tags! So—the line forms on the left for mid-summer cottons to wear now and into fall, dark calico prints equally smart in town or country, doubly smart because they have that extra Paris something! In the color picture Elaine Rost, who's heard on Aunt Jenny, models a Dior adaptation. It's a one-piece dress with a flattering U-neckline, chicken-leg sleeve, and double-breasted with large, important bone buttons. The skirt, softly full; the hip pockets, smartly cuffed. There's a self belt but we—and you could, too—have added a black patent one. Color combinations are black with blue, red or green print. Sizes: 10-18.

And price? A mere \$12.95! On this page Elaine models a Balenciaga adaptation. There's up-to-the-minute news in its brief jacket with all the flattery of a cape and the practicality of a tiny wrap. Under it, a wonderfully draped bodice—strapless, boned at the sides—is truly figure flattering, and the skirt is so gracefully full! In black, green or brown print, sizes 10-18, priced at \$14.95. Both dresses by Gracette, at stores on page 83.

Pretty complements for either dress: complexion-flattering pearls by Richelieu, brief gloves, black or white as you choose, by Grandoe.



Aunt Jenny is heard Monday through Friday, 12:15 P.M. EDT, over CBS stations, sponsored by Lever Bros.' Spry.





BY NANCY CRAIG
Radio Television Mirror
Food Counselor.
Heard 4 P.M. EDT,
Mon.-Fri. on WJZ-TV.

WE ALWAYS serve cream with peaches. Heavy, cold and rich. It can be whipped, frozen or just plain. But the fruity, sharp-sweet flavor of peaches needs this rich touch. My family is particularly pleased when I whip cream just thick enough so that it pours slowly from the pitcher. Try this on a bowl of peaches, sliced and sweetened, and garnish with blueberries.

MOCK PEACH MELBA
(Makes 6 servings)

3 fresh peaches	1/2 cup heavy cream,
1/2 cup lemon juice	chilled
1 cup water	2 tablespoons confec-
1/2 cup sugar	tioners' sugar
	6 slices plain cake

Peel peaches, cut in half; remove pits and turn in lemon juice to prevent darkening. Combine water and sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil. Add peaches, cover and simmer only until peaches are tender. Remove peaches from syrup. Allow to cool. Combine chilled heavy cream with confectioners' sugar. Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Use a pastry tube with a rosette tip to make mounds of whipped cream, or shape with two teaspoons. Drop onto freezing tray. Place tray in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Chill until firm. Cut cake slices into 2 1/2 inch rounds. Place in serving dish. Rest a peach half on each piece of cake. Just before serving place a whipped cream mound in the center of each peach. Pour on raspberry melba sauce.

RASPBERRY MELBA SAUCE
(Makes 1 cup sauce)

1 teaspoon cornstarch	rant jelly
1/3 cup sugar	3/4 cup fresh raspber-
3 tablespoons cur-	ries, sieved

Combine cornstarch, sugar, jelly and raspberries in saucepan; mix. Cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until mixture is thick, about 5 minutes. Pour through sieve to remove seeds. Cool.

PEACH BETTY
(Makes 6 servings)

1/2 cup brown sugar	3 tablespoons butter,
1/8 teaspoon salt	melted
1/8 teaspoon nutmeg	1 1/2 cups fine bread
1 tbs. lemon juice	crumbs or graham
1/4 cup water	cracker crumbs
	4 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced

Combine sugar, salt, nutmeg, lemon juice and water. Mix butter with crumbs. Grease 6 custard cups lightly with butter. Fill with alternate layers of crumbs, peaches and sugar mixture. Top with crumbs. Bake in 375°F. oven 25 minutes.

DEEP DISH PEACH PIE
(Makes about 6 servings)

3/4 cup sugar	6-8 fresh peaches, peeled
3 tablespoons flour	and sliced
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon	2 tablespoons butter
	2 teaspoons lemon juice

Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon and lemon juice. Sprinkle half of mixture into shallow baking dish. Add sliced peaches. Sprinkle remaining flour mixture over peaches. Dot top with butter. Cover dish with baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes. Cool before serving, cover with baked pastry wedges.

(Continued on page 83)

Very
peachy!

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

A date with Judy

*Pretty Pat Crowley finds
that playing teen-aged Judy is not
really acting at all—she just has to
be herself for Saturday's
date with the TV camera*



Flopit, who brings acting Crowleys up to three, likes to be in on things, especially Pat's phone calls. He's his fluffy Maltese self in "Seventeen," the B'way musical in which Pat's sister Ann stars.



SATURDAY VIEWING



Pat memorizes scripts rapidly and works right up to bedtime. She loves to tease her sister by reading Ann's scripts aloud in a phony British accent. Ann doesn't always think it's funny, but then what can you do with a kid sister?

ANY similarity between A Date With Judy and a day with winsome Pat Crowley is purely possible inasmuch as this pert just-seventeen brunette lives at a lively pace parallel to the impish teenager she portrays on television. Over a double-scooped chocolate chip ice cream Pat will tell you breathlessly—and Judy-ishly—about her home town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, ballet, white rain slickers, Earl Wrightson's songs, cashmeres, and the works of Thomas Hardy. Another scoop and she'll continue on her two favorite topics, the success of her older sister Ann, and her unbounded delight in winning this starring role in ABC-TV's sprightly dramatic series.

Actually, it was sister Ann who led the Crowley caravan to New York and thus made Pat's career possible. Ann, at fifteen, nabbed the ingenue lead in "Oklahoma!" Mrs. Crowley followed to be with her and brought along eleven-year-old Pat who found the big city quite unappealing until she began juvenile modeling and was enrolled in Professional Children's School. She idolized her sister's stage work, and her greatest pleasure was her walk-on part in the musical "Carousel" in which Ann was featured.

Producers took notice and soon were making calls to the Crowley home for both Ann and Pat. Gaining dramatic experience touring in "Philadelphia Story," Pat returned to play on Broadway and now TV.

A Date With Judy is telecast Saturdays, 11:30 A.M. EDT on ABC-TV. Sponsored by McKesson & Robbins, Inc.



Pat considers blue jeans the world's greatest garment, but she's not averse to the pretty clothes Mrs. Crowley turns out.



Piano practice for Ann must end when Kukla, Fran and Ollie begin, but she's enough of a TV fan not to mind. Ann's career inspired Pat's; both are viewed with quiet pride by Mr. and Mrs. Crowley. Left, Pat stops at the hansom line-up on the Plaza near Central Park to chat with favorite horse, Lucky.



Pat's early love was ballet and she still practices it about the house. Bric-a-brac damage, say the Crowleys, is slight.



I cover Times Square

BY JOHNNY WARREN

played by Harold Huber

TIMES SQUARE, New York, N. Y.
... the cock-eyed carnival ...
... the million dollar midway ...
the concrete crater of pandemonia.
Times Square, where something is al-
ways happening, and when it does, I'm
the boy who's got to know it first ...
because when I know it, you know it
... you read my column ... you see
it on your ABC-TV screen. You'll find
action is my by-line ... such as the
saga of Big Joe, the man who came
back.

I Cover Times Square: Alternate Sat., 12:30
P.M. EDT, ABC-TV; sponsored by Air-Wick.



SATURDAY VIEWING



1. *Tips* move fast along the Main Stem, and when Big Joe got out of jail sooner than anyone expected and immediately visited the artillery department of a pawnshop, I had it in the column but quick.



2. At the swank Satyr Club manager Mike Dato clutched the column with a chewed manicure. Mike had put the finger on Big Joe, then taken over Joe's rackets, I advised him not to start any continued stories.



3. Before the trigger work started, I needed Big Joe's story. His daughter turned on the tears and refused to believe Joe was in danger from his old friend Mike. That left just one source of information.



4. *Union Square* specializes in free speech, but *Times Square* talk comes just in shades of green. A ten spot eased the tonsils of Mousie to confirm Mike's boys were looking for Big Joe. Mousie spilled they also knew where Joe's daughter was.



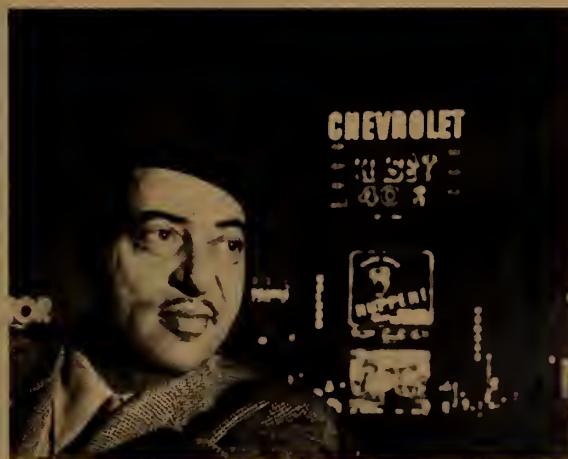
5. *When the Pulitzer committee makes an award for the hundred yard dash, I'll dust off the mantel. I skidded back to the girl's apartment just in time to shove her out onto the window ledge before some of Mike's hoods broke in to grab her for live bait.*



6. *I got her in a cab then zoomed back to the Satyr in time to see Big Joe saunter right into Dato's office to brand him a double-crosser in front of his trigger men. He added "Gutless heel" and spun contemptuously away. Dato gunned him in the back.*



7. *I caught Joe as he fell. Mike sent his boys for the car, Joe slipped his gun to me. Flashing it, I backed Dato to the wall and dialed homicide. I told Big Joe, dying, that this murder rap on Dato squared his old frame-up, but it was the hard way.*



8. *Joe's last words were "Not so hard, Johnny. Y'see, I got my parole because my heart went bad. I only had a month to live." Big Joe paid off in spades—with a heart. A big story. They're all big stories on my beat because . . . I Cover Times Square.*

Two girls named

*They're also named the "Sleepies,"
for noontime viewing for you means
the dawn's early light for them*



Two girls named Peggy are the two girls named Smith: Peggy French of Broadway, and Peggy Ann Garner, a Hollywood actress since she was four. Assembled Smith cast, left: George Petrie, Reedy Talton, Peggy F., Peggy Ann, Richard Hayes.



SATURDAY VIEWING



Ups and downs of big city living for small town girls make up the antics on Smith. Joseph Buloff, here with Peggy Ann and Richard, plays neighbor Mr. Basmany, the jovial mountebank whose well-meaning advice often backfires.

Smith

PRODUCING a major dramatic show at midday is a new and successful concept in TV, but it involves a pace that would stop a clock. The after-hours marathon for *Two Girls Named Smith* is just beginning at the time most TV viewers are tucking their picture tube to bed. On Friday evening at 10:30 the stage hand squad descends upon Studio #4 to strike the set from the preceding Pulitzer Prize Playhouse. By midnight the stage is bare, and they start setting scenery for "Smith." Aptly enough, the streets are still dark at 3 A.M. when Dave Adler, the lighting man cometh, and it's still blackout when the camera crew yawn in. The sound technicians arrive even before the first milk bottle clinks outside on 66th Street. Director Charles Dubin checks in at 4:10 when his fellow directors are just leaving Lindy's for bed. Working regulations are scrupulously observed, and at 6:30 the technicians knock off for, you should pardon the indigestion, lunch. The cast, with lines memorized during the week, are in place by 7:30, and before you have sipped your second cup of breakfast coffee, final rehearsals are in full swing. And the "Sleepies" do a wide-awake job.

These are hours to paralyze seasoned troupers, but staff and stars Peggy Ann Garner and Peggy French take it right in stride, aided and abetted by untold gallons of coffee.

Two Girls Named Smith:
Sat., 12 Noon EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsor: Babbitt, Inc.



The couch on stage proves irresistible to the horizontal Hayes, but Peggy Ann restores order, and rehearsal continues.



Burning magnums of midnight oil, the stagehands have to dismantle Playhouse sets before building ones for Smith.



The Sleepies arrive. Peggy Ann has one advantage over Peggy F.—husband Richard Hayes has to share the same hours. He's cast, fittingly enough, as her boy friend. Left, Director Dubin calls for a coffee confab and script review. Despite gruelling hours of preparation, the cast always manages a spirited and fresh performance by noon.





SATURDAY VIEWING

Faith Baldwin's theatre of romance

UNTIL THEY read this, the cast of a recent drama on The Faith Baldwin Theatre of Romance won't know that their script girl was a RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR writer getting first-hand knowledge of how this polished half-hour dramatic program gets on TV every other Saturday. Actual camera rehearsals begin on a Friday afternoon but by Thursday, the cast is supposed to be letter-perfect in their lines. This is the day the script girl does her hardest work. Actors, concentrating on the role itself and deprived of script, frequently blow their lines, and it becomes the script girl's job to decide whether to sing out the forgotten words or to hold her tongue and let the actor reach for them. Maybe he hasn't forgotten but is timing his speech to the emotion he is trying to put across, or maybe he prefers to remember by himself and thus impress the elusive line on his consciousness. Before the day was over, the script girl had developed a kind of sixth sense about these things. On Saturday morning, telecast day, the script girl calls the star and makes certain he'll be on the set by 8:30 A.M. He answers sleepily at 7 and is in the studio by 8:15, fortifying himself with black coffee. Costumes and accessories have to be checked, too. A fabulous fur cape arrives for one of the girls to wear in a restaurant scene. A negligee has to be hurried to the cleaner because there's a spot on it the camera might pick up. The sound effects man makes ready such details as the chimes of a clock or the sound of a popping champagne cork. In the last flurry of directions, a voice comes over the loudspeaker, calling "two minutes," then "one," then "thirty seconds."

The real star of the show, the woman whose stories are dramatized bi-weekly, sits at a desk and introduces her characters to the TV audience. Her name, of course, is Faith Baldwin, well

known to readers of light romance as the author of fifty-five novels and innumerable short stories. Miss Baldwin, the mother of four children, including twenty-three-year-old twins, lives in an enormous Connecticut farmhouse whose name derives from her own career—Fable Farm.

Attractive leads on an early T of R story were Bill Eythe and Betsy Von Furstenburg. Authoress Baldwin gives prologue and epilogue on each presentation.



Theatre of Romance: alternate Sat., 12:30 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsor: Maiden Form Brassieres.



Junior Mirror



Wizardry in Sound

By "Mr. Wizard"

• How would you like to make a saxophone out of a soda straw? It's easy, and it'll only take a couple of minutes. But first let me tell you what makes it work. Every sound you hear comes from something vibrating—that is, moving rapidly back and forth. For instance, when you hear the buzzing of a bee you're actually hearing the vibrations that are made in the air when the bee flaps his wings. You might wonder why you can't make a sound the same way, simply by flapping your arms up and down. The only reason you can't is because you can't flap your arms fast enough. You'd have to beat your arms up and down about fifty times a second before you could make a sound. And a bee's wings move much faster than that. To take another example, middle "C" on the piano is the sound made by the vibration of a string inside the piano. It's been tightened so it vibrates exactly 256 times a second when it's struck by the hammer attached to the key. If the string were tightened more, so it vibrated faster, the note would be higher.

All other musical instruments—or any other sounds you hear—work the same way. Take a saxophone. You blow on the reed which is fastened to a mouthpiece on the saxophone. This reed starts the air in the saxophone vibrating and you make different notes by pressing

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She's Engaged

Mary Dell Martin's engagement to William E. Gill (now in the Army) is exciting news to her many friends in Michigan and Florida. A beautiful diamond shines on Mary's finger—stars shine in her eyes. At her wedding in Grace Episcopal Church, four bridesmaids will walk down the aisle with Mary—a gloriously happy bride.

She's Lovely

Mary's sunny hair falls in soft waves to her shoulders. Her wonderful complexion has a satin smoothness. A charming smile twinkles in her eyes, about her lips. Her face gives out a bright picture of her captivating Inner Self. You see Mary and you know you will like her very much.

She uses Pond's

Mary Dell Martin—her complexion is lovely. "I always use Pond's," she says.

"It gives you such a lift when you look your best"
Mary says



Mary's Ring

A wonderfully sure, confident feeling comes to you when you know you are looking your sweetest and prettiest.

Mary thinks every girl's most important beauty asset is sparkling-clean, soft skin. "I wouldn't miss my nightly cream-cleansings with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's simply tops for keeping my skin smooth and soft."

Cream-cleansing with Pond's can help your skin, too—it's beautifully thorough and never drying. Every night (and for day

cleansings) cream your face with Pond's as Mary does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your mirror say happy things about your face? It's so alive, rosy!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your nicest, a bright confidence flashes out from the real you within—wins others to you on sight!



GET A BIG JAR
OF POND'S TODAY!

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

R
M

PHIL'S FAMILY

(Continued from page 34) exterior architecture is Mediterranean; there are grilled iron doors opening from the formal entry onto a tiled corridor which, dividing like a cool, dark stream, flows both to the north entrance of the house, and to the drawing room (it used to be; it's now a chummy living room) at the extreme south end of the house.

Once the visitor has entered the home, it is obvious to even the most untrained eye that the interior decorating scheme adopted by The Regans is pure Happy Family.

Every room is filled with family mementos; every room is brightened by objects about which there is family history.

Take the den, for instance—the room into which you would be ushered by Phil the moment you arrived.

PROBABLY Phil would be wearing his favorite leisure output: a pair of brown loafers, a pair of brown gabardine slacks, and a bright red shirt. "How about this shirt!" he would observe, laughing. "If anybody had asked me about my willingness to wear a red shirt, I would have said, 'Not unless I was out of my head.' However, Jo bought this for me in Palm Springs and I certainly enjoy it. Gives me a big lift."

The den is compact, probably the smallest room in the house, but it is obviously used, lived in, enjoyed. There is a fireplace in which a fire crackles every morning and evening, and above the mantel are two large framed pictures. One contains Phil's engraved invitation to attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt in 1937, and it is flanked by portraits of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Garner; the second contains Phil's invitation to the 1945 inauguration, flanked by portraits of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman.

To the left of the fireplace is Phil's gun collection. Because Phil served with New York's police force, he is much interested in firearms, particularly any weapon having a history. He likes to tell the story of the most interesting guns. For instance, there is a specimen with wooden stock and short barrel which was manufactured by a criminal who ingeniously sawed a .22 rifle down to revolver size. Purpose: to make use of a loophole in New York law about what constituted a murder weapon. The result was that the criminal was brought to justice and the leaky law mended.

In this trophy case of the Regans there is also a derringer, probably carried by a Mississippi River-boat gambler. There are pistols from France and Italy. There is a lethal fountain pen which seems entirely innocent when worn conventionally in a gentleman's coat pocket. It fires a .22 slug and is final at close quarters.

Also occupying a conspicuous position in the case with the gun collection is a Pepsi-Cola bottle, half-filled with a dark and evil-looking fluid. The appearance is deceptive. The bottle contains crude oil, that lovely stuff which makes Texas the home of the billionaire. Several years ago, a friend of Phil's asked him if he would care to invest some of his hard-earned show business salary in oil. Being an Irishman, Phil kissed a shamrock and signed a check.

As a direct result of this action, a series of wells were spudded in and Phil became

one of the stockholders in a highly profitable oil development. Phil regards this with the same gratitude he brings to all the good things in his life. He says quite simply, "God has been very good to us." And so, every time a member of the family happens to glance into the gun cabinet, he or she is reminded of the bounty of earth and the goodness of God.

On the east wall of the den there are three large autographed pictures of three beautiful women: Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, and Ruby Keeler. The pictures are at least ten, perhaps fifteen, years old.

Phil made a picture with each of the actresses and cherishes each as a friend.

The west wall of the den is as crowded with pictures as the walls of the Hollywood Brown Derby are. There is a 1938 shot of Phil with two senators: Truman of Missouri and Barkley of Kentucky. Beside it is another candid, taken in 1948, showing Phil standing between President Truman and Vice President Barkley.

There is a picture of Phil greeting President and Mrs. Roosevelt on the occasion of the 1933 inauguration; one of Phil at a table with Edgar Bergen and Jimmie Stewart before Bergen became a father and Jimmie met Harvey; one of Phil, Mayor Kelly of Chicago and other friends; a number of pictures taken at different times of Phil with one-time Mayor, now Ambassador O'Dwyer.

The dominant picture, the great far-reaching picture, shows Phil on the reviewing stand in Washington during the 1949 inauguration, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" while half a million people crowded frosty Pennsylvania Avenue and listened in patriotic awe.

In the northeast corner of the den there is a small desk at which Josephine Regan does her writing and keeps her accounts. One of Jo's notable accomplishments is a slender volume entitled "A Child's Magic Key to Heaven" and is a child's version of the ten commandments.

Originally, Jo formulated this guide for her own four children: Phil Regan, Jr. (called "Bud" in the family), Joseph, Marilyn, and Joan. All four are now grown. Joe is married and has three youngsters. This array of grandchildren made Phil Regan a grandfather at the sprightly age of thirty-seven.

Bud and his wife, Loanne, were married on February 13, 1951, in Palm Springs. Joan and Marilyn live at home, of course; Joe and his family have a house only a short distance from the family home; Bud and Loanne are living nearby.

THE RESULT of this integrated family situation is that the parental door bangs all day and half the night with the goings and comings of the clan. Jo never knows whether luncheon will be served for two or twelve.

Naturally, this sort of thing takes planning. Jo bakes a ham once a week, then puts it in the deep freeze. Often she also roasts a leg of lamb and a rolled roast of beef. For luncheon, these can be sliced in amount extensive enough to serve all guests, no matter how unexpected. For dinner, they can be heated and served as necessary. At all times, Jo likes to serve a salad

such as shredded cabbage, apples, and pineapple (all ingredients which can be kept on hand ready to stretch a menu) and she keeps ready-to-bake rolls in the refrigerator, and corn bread mix in the cupboard. For dessert, she likes to serve a fruit compote or strawberry shortcake.

All of Jo's planning is done at the desk in the den, where she also keeps her household accounts, and does her creative writing. The desk is also famous for the fact that it was here where one of the great decisions of the Regan family was made.

When Phil was invited to leave New York, where he had been highly successful in show business, and try his luck via screen test in Hollywood, he and Jo discussed the move far, far into the night. First, they analyzed the family bank account: four hundred dollars. Then they discussed Phil's need (as he had been warned) for an extensive wardrobe. He would have to buy white tie and tails, black tie and dinner jacket; riding clothes, tennis flannels, several standard business suits.

Jo made a neat list. She arrived at an estimated total. She and Phil agreed on a plan: they would borrow enough to buy the essential wardrobe, and they would split the bank account. Phil would take two hundred dollars and assault Hollywood. Jo would keep two hundred dollars and maintain the family in good condition until Phil could send for them.

AS EVERYONE knows, Phil was an immediate click. He puts it this way, "All I can say is that God was very good to us."

There is one amusing highlight on those Hollywood days. When Phil signed his contract, he did so knowing that there was a clause in it which forbade him to marry. He appended his signature with a clear conscience. He had no intention of marrying; he was already set for all time and eternity. He was already the father of four children.

Studio press agents felt it would be wise to conceal this fact, but Phil made no real secret of it and all of his friends knew the truth. Gradually word leaked out, so one enterprising newspaper man approached Phil: "I hear that you're married and have five children. How about it?"

"It isn't true," explained Phil. "I have only four."

The newspaper man laughed, fully satisfied with this denial. "Isn't it a kick—the way rumors get started?" he observed. He printed a denial of Phil's marriage and fatherhood, missing the honesty of Phil's statement entirely.

In addition to the den, the lower floor of the Regan house consists of a comfortable living room (in which choice specimens of Phil's Toby Mug collection are displayed), an airy solarium, a banquet hall of a dining room, the usual butler's pantry and farmhouse kitchen. Also, off the main corridor, there is a tiny chapel.

In this chapel there is room for only a small bookcase, an old, well-worn but totally comfortable armchair, and a prayer bench. Around the walls are the fourteen stations of the cross, and against the east side of the room there is a modest altar. Jo spends many hours in this restful sanctuary, reading, sewing, and meditating.

Next to the den in usefulness, the most lived-in room is the solarium with its split

bamboo chairs, lounges, and chaises longue, with its reed screens, and its bamboo milk bar. Phil and the boys built the bar and their stories of its construction are hilarious. As you may not know, bamboo must be worked while wet. However, it dries rapidly with the result that the deliberate workman finds himself half-done and stymied by a length of dry timber.

Phil soaked the bamboo in the bathtub in the service porch bathroom, then trailed it through the kitchen, and dining-room before using it in the sun porch. Placing the bamboo footrail was the final, trickiest stunt; just as Phil had it fitted into three of the rests extending from the semi-circular face of the bar, the bamboo rebelled, tossing Phil as if he had been riding a broncho. The boys laughed until they cried, and Phil hasn't yet lived down his rough-riding carpentry.

There is a great deal of laughter in the Regan house, a great deal of conversation, and much high planning. There is that rare and wonderful thing, a sense of dedication. Nowadays, no one can talk to Phil for long without getting onto the subject of his radio program and what he hopes to accomplish.

He was semi-retired until last spring when Mr. Alfred Steele, president of the Pepsi-cola Company and a long-time friend of Phil's, accompanied Phil to an Army base where Phil had agreed to sing. This trip persuaded both men that, once again, this country is in a shooting war of desperate proportions. The lethargy of the country has astonished Phil. Millions of Americans seem oblivious to the fact that there are many government hospitals to which men are brought direct from Korea, blood still fresh on their bandages.

Phil worked with Roy Topper, a gifted writer and ex-newspaperman whose beat was Chicago, to perfect a format for the show. Roughly it is this: in advance of Phil's scheduled show, the men at the base to be visited select a man to star on Phil's program. This man is given one hundred dollars in cash, plus a five hundred dollar war bond. In some cases, this recognition will eventually pave the way to a career.

Phil has been astonished at the swift appreciation of the program evinced from bases throughout America. After hearing the first few shows, boosters began to send telegrams. A group in one camp wired, "If you think that man on your Sunday show was a singer, just come up here and listen to our boy." An Air Force base announced, "No Marine ever sang as good, as high, or as loud as a mechanic we have; he's practiced against a B-29 warming up."

AFTER Phil has completed his show at a base, he goes to the nearest hospital and walks through the wards, chatting with the men. In many cases he is the first American civilian with whom they have come in contact since being shipped overseas; Phil tries to bring them word of the appreciation extended by all freedom-loving people.

And so that is how the Regans will be living when you read this: they will be traveling by plane, train, and car over fifty thousand miles and forty-eight states. When that mission is accomplished they will return to Pasadena to plan other helpful excursions for groups of people in need.

Because the Regans are grateful to God, and they intend to show that gratitude.



*Nothing, thank you,
washes my
entire wardrobe
like Fels-Naptha*

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Yes I want to make easy money. Please rush FREE Display Book and Catalogue with Two Sample Christmas Box Assortments on Approval today.

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Address.....
City.....State.....

(Continued from page 46) I have never met quite her equal. Ma Mere, as we called her, never postponed anything pleasant or anything difficult. If the day was bright and sunny she would put everything aside to take me on some jaunt she suddenly decided would please me. If she had something hard to face she never put it off in the hope it would get any easier. When she didn't like the way things were, she did her best to change them, and refused to worry. 'Tomorrow,' she would say, 'will take care of itself.'

There's another parallel in the story of Susan Peters and Susan Martin besides their interest in law. On television, Susan is extremely fond of her brother Sam's young stepson, who is played by nine-year-old Ralph Robertson. In real life, Susan adores five-year-old Timothy Richard whom she and her ex-husband Richard Quine adopted a year after she was hurt. Timmy was ten days old at the time.

With Timmy, it was quite a household that Susan transferred to Philadelphia from her pretty house in the San Fernando Valley section of Hollywood. It includes her nurse, Mrs. Stean, who has been with her since she got Timmy, and the couple who act as her chauffeur and cook. They all live in a rented furnished house that makes them more than a little homesick for their own well-equipped place in California. Susan had been offered a choice of doing her show from Chicago or Philadelphia and she chose Philadelphia because of its nearness to New York and the fact that friends could occasionally come down for a weekend. Little did she know then what a fifteen-minute five-day-a-week drama would mean in time and energy consumed, and that friends would have to be gently asked to "hit the road," as she puts it, before too late on Sundays, so that their hostess could memorize next day's script.

Susan is up and dressed at 8:30 to have breakfast with Timmy before he goes off to the Oak Lane Country Day School. By 10:30 she's on the set, going through the first run-through of that day's episode in the life of Miss Susan Martin. There's a break during the morning for the commercial run-through, but Susan stays on

the set and watches everything. She will move her chair off to one corner and read dialogue with Natalie Priest, who plays her companion and confidante, Daisy; or with Don Hanmer, who plays her brother Sam. She's a perfectionist, and wherever there's a bit of dialogue or business that needs some extra work she's eager to keep at it. She's vitally interested in everybody's share in this miracle of getting a television show on the air.

At noon the run-throughs commence again, continuing with brief rest periods until 2:00 when every line has been polished and every scene timed. Dress rehearsal is from 2:05 to 2:20. Then make-up. At 3:00 Miss Susan goes on the air, at 3:15 the day's story is finished—and at 4:00 rehearsals for the next day begin.

At 6:00 Susan gets a thirty-five minute cooling drive home through beautiful Fairmount Park, along the quiet Schuylkill River (twenty-five minutes, if Susan herself takes the wheel, because she likes to move along at the full legal rate of speed, and she handles her manually operated car with precision and assurance).

Timmy is waiting for her at home, eager to have her share his favorite Western on television. Sometimes he lures her out in the yard for a fast game of ball—the wheelchair doesn't keep Susan from being a first-class catcher—before she even has time to take off her make-up. After dinner the inevitable script comes out, to be memorized for next day's rehearsals.

Saturday is Timmy's own day. They go fishing. They go to the circus or a carnival. They play baseball. Sometimes the gang from the studio asks Susan to umpire their games and Timmy helps along. They're trying to get permission to use the Police Gun Range so Susan can get in some target practice, for in spite of the fact that she shot herself accidentally while out hunting, Susan has no complex about guns or shooting and no one has to be careful about mentioning either in her presence. Quite the contrary—she still thinks it's great sport.

Keeping up with Timmy is an important part of Susan's job, because of his alert inquiring mind and his capacity for getting into mischief.

The gang at the studio hands Susan its

**"Now There'll Be a Tomorrow
for John and Me"**

Yes, thanks to the help of radio's "My True Story," countless people have found the key to happiness. This is because "My True Story" dramatizes, in vivid form, *real-life* problems of *real* people—right out of the files of True Story Magazine. Here are people who might be you, your friends, or your neighbors. You'll find the answers to problems of love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



highest accolade when they tell you she's "a good egg," "a real person," "a girl with guts and a fine actress."

"We were told she would be close-lipped until she got to know us, and that's true," one of them told me, "But very soon there wasn't a guy in the place who wouldn't do anything for her."

Susan admits she has a temper that she has tried very hard to overcome, and she must have succeeded because no co-worker mentions it. All they say is that she works harder than anyone else and is more demanding of herself than she is of others.

She gets her scripts about two weeks ahead, so she knows the story line in advance. But she finds television very different from motion picture routine and a great deal more taxing. "On a television set you work constantly, whereas on a movie set you always have some free time between takes. Here I have to be on hand all the time the cameramen are working, while lights are being adjusted, while technical problems of space and movement are being worked out. In a motion picture studio stand-ins do this."

Susan neither wants nor gets any special consideration on the set. Producer-director Ken Buckridge may instruct her, "Reposition yourself, Susan, about three steps forward," and Susan will touch the wheels of her chair and roll it slightly forward. When she still doesn't seem to be in quite the right spot, no one comes to help her. "You'll have to lean back a little, Susan, if you stay there," Ken cautions matter-of-factly, and Susan decides to lean.

Susan's ex-husband, Dick Quine, is now directing for Columbia Pictures in Holly-

wood and Susan considers him one of the best out there. She and Dick are still very good friends, although she divorced him in September 1948, after five years of marriage. Close friends say the divorce was entirely her idea and they praise him highly for his devotion and loyalty. Susan doesn't discuss the divorce, but she talks about Dick freely, and they have long conversations over the long distance telephone. When she toured as the invalid Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Dick rehearsed her before she would take it on the road, even though it was after the divorce. "I'd rather not do anything of any importance without Dick's suggestions," she says.

Movie-goers first took notice of Susan when she played in "Random Harvest," with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, and was nominated for an Academy Award. Her only motion picture since the accident was "The Sign of the Ram," in which she played a demanding invalid.

Susan's independence of character is no doubt inborn, but certainly was fostered by that indomitable grandmother of hers. For instance, the fact that Susan drives so fearlessly now, even though she controls the car completely with her two hands, probably stems from the time Ma Mere taught her to take hold and drive, when she was twelve. Ma Mere was almost blind at that time but she decided one day they would go for a ride, even though the chauffeur was off and everyone else was away from home. "I'll show you how," she told Susan. "There is nothing to be afraid of." Carefully she explained which pedal to press, which lever to pull, how to

brake and steer. Somehow they got out on the road and went for a short ride and got back without incident.

No car ever held any terrors for Susan after that. Her present car has the latest improved equipment with automatic drive, a hand lever that pushes up for the air-brake, down for gas, and flips back and forth for dimming and signalling.

When you ask Susan now, in the light of her new experience as a television star, what advice she would give to young actresses she grows very practical. "I would tell them," she says, "that acting requires a considerable amount of talent, especially for television, and a great deal of work. But they should always have some other work, too, that they can fall back on if success comes too slowly or doesn't last. That's why I want to study law and work toward a business career. I'm planning to adopt a little girl next year so Timmy won't grow up an only child, and as time goes on there will be so much I want to do for my children.

"Another thing I would like to tell every actress, and every young girl for that matter, is to develop your capacities and forget your deficiencies. Everyone has some handicap, seen or unseen, recognized or unrecognized. Never underestimate yourself and never underestimate others. We can all do more than we dream of.

"The character I play on television, Miss Susan Martin, is warm, sympathetic and understanding. I think I'm beginning to get inside of her. To make her live, and to bring those qualities to the television screen, is reward enough. Especially with Timmy waiting for me at home."

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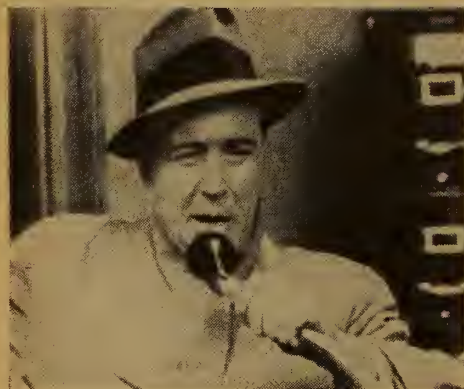
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For Tub or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive!

R
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Mystery Mirror

**Solve-It-Yourself
with Charlie Wild,
Guest Detective**



Charlie Wild was dictating a little essay on murder the day Police Sergeant Keough came into his office saying he'd been suspended from duty on a frame-up. Keough claimed he'd caught the assailant of a lady in distress only to find him badly beaten and without the purse the lady said he'd stolen. She disappeared, and at headquarters, Matejka, the assailant, charged Keough beat him.

Keough insists he doesn't know Matejka, and Charlie agrees to help him. Meanwhile, in another part of town, Matejka's name means trouble to Jean Bannion and disbarred lawyer Andrew Voelker whose behind-the-scenes help Jean is counting on to free her husband, Carl, from a murder charge. Matejka demands more money for his part in the Keough "frame-up," but Voelker balks.

On her own, Jean decides to see Matejka and come to an agreement. Charlie, there for reasons of his own, meets a shaken Jean coming out of Matejka's room. Charlie finds him dead. The police suspect Keough, knowing he had it in for Matejka. And Charlie knows it was he who arrested Jean's husband in the payroll-robbery murder—and that the \$40,000 payroll was never found.



Keough visits Charlie again, hears the inspector wants to see him. "Let him come and get me," says Keough, who admits that he knows the payroll was never found. Later, Charlie waits outside Voelker's apartment for Jean. Voelker knows Charlie saw Jean leaving Matejka's room, warns her Charlie will want money for keeping quiet. "Pay off Wild and let me take care of you."

Jean, fearful that Charlie will tell, agrees to give him the money which, at her husband's advice, she had hidden in an accordion and put in a pawnshop after the robbery. The night before, Keough had suddenly warned Charlie to drop the case. Disregarding him, Charlie meets Jean in the pawnshop. As they are about to retrieve the money-stuffed accordion, an armed man enters the shop.

In the struggle that follows, Charlie wrestles with the gunman, a person known to both him and Jean. Is it Voelker who was merely stringing Jean along until she revealed the hiding place of the money? Or is it Keough who was playing a waiting game until the Matejka "frame-up" spoiled his plans? Solve it yourself, then turn to page 96 for an explanation of "The Air-Tight Frame-up."

A LETTER FROM BILL LAWRENCE

(Continued from page 27) the Army where you find very few gripes.

But the crazy part of it all is that I've got nothing to talk about but Army hospitals. I don't even know what branch I'll be in. Or even, if I have any more hard luck, whether I'll be in the Army by the time you read this. But now I'm Private Bill Lawrence, all right. And frankly, it was a relief to find out the old Army joke about a private having no privacy was true. Without the constant companionship of my Army friends, I'd be feeling pretty low. Even in the ward, reveille is at seven and lights out at ten. It wouldn't be much fun if you had to spend those fifteen hours alone.

Most of the boys I've met are regular. Naturally, the most popular GIs are the men who are cheerful. I think first of a buddy, Joe Jura of Pennsylvania, who once was in a sick bed next to me and even now comes back to give the boys some laughs. Of course, we make our own occasionally. If you hear a shriek from the showers, you can bet someone has hidden the man's clothes. But we spend most of the day trying to sleep away the germs and fill in odd hours with cards, reading, listening to the radio and watching television in our ward. Then, of course, there are gab sessions. And what do men talk about? You guessed it—women!

Surprisingly, they don't talk about the glamour-lovelies. The boys talk about their girls back home and, believe me, they are really proud of them. Lana

Turner and Betty Grable may be nice to watch on a screen, but when it comes to serious interest it's the homespun girl who heads the list. And this is where I'm going to offer some advice.

Most of the boys like to hear from home about two or three times a week. When they don't hear that often, they begin to feel a lot more sick than any germ could make them. If you could see a soldier drop everything when he gets a letter from home, reread it a couple of times, you'd understand why a letter is so important.

A cheerful letter really lifts up a GI's spirits. After all, the Army isn't exactly a picnic and whimpering about civilian hardships doesn't set right. Not that a man doesn't want to share the responsibility of any bad news. It makes him feel good to be asked to help with decisions and give some advice. So don't get me wrong when I say letters should be just cheerful. There's a lot of difference between complaining about the price of sirloin and working out a real problem.

What can you write about? It's simple. Just talk about the ordinary, every-day things. He wants to know what his friends are doing, even if it's the same old thing. If they lay some new bricks on Main Street or put a fresh coat of paint on the firehouse, that's news. He wants to know about the books you read and your favorite TV and radio programs for chances are he's seen them, too, and it gives you something in common. If you put a new picture on the wall or buy a new dress, describe it.

Tell him where you got it, why you got it. Send him a picture. He'll relish it all, but more than that he'll feel that he is still part of your personal life. Actually, a man's world is very small and his strongest emotions are tied to home and people he loves. And when you keep him informed, you're telling him that he hasn't really left so far as you're concerned.

In my letters from mother and friends, they tell me about each other. Just simple things. Janette Davis writes about all my old co-workers on the Arthur Godfrey show: Godfrey says, "I'll bet Bill is Captain of the Head," and I write naval officer Arthur, "In the Army, we call it a latrine."

Letters are the next best thing to a personal visit. Fort Dix is about three hours from Manhattan, so my mother gets down to visit me only on Sundays. But in between I have two letters from her and the usual packages. If you're ever doubtful about what to send your soldier, just think of something he can't get in the Army. For example, home-made cookies or candy. Or maybe he goes for something special like toasted almonds or olives or sardines. But you can bet it's not fried chicken he misses most.

In my case, I miss my mother and the card games we had in our apartment with my friends. I miss singing on the show with Arthur and his "big family." I miss a good show and a big mattress and the freedom to go wherever and whenever I choose. And your soldier misses these things, too, but they aren't really the most important.

What he misses most is you. And that goes for Bill Lawrence, too!

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in AUGUST

PHOTOPLAY

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ALL IN AUGUST



NEW AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS

HOW TO BE A HOSTESS

(Continued from page 49) devastating. The camera followed the guest and me to the door for nearly one minute of aimless chatter that slowed up the show and probably made viewers whirl their dials to something more interesting. Right then and there I decided it is better to forget the rules than to make a guest uncomfortable—and, in the case of TV, lose the audience.

My definition of a hostess is very simple. She's a woman who puts the same careful care into planning a party as she would into planning a new garment for her wardrobe. Her first duty is to furnish a comfortable setting for her guests. Her second duty is to invite the right people so that guests will find each other entertaining.

A LITTLE bitterly I recall one small party given in my honor during a convention a couple of years ago. Eight of us were comfortably settled in the living room after a very nice dinner. The talk was stimulating and informative. Then the hostess announced that since I was new in town and she wanted me to have a really wonderful memory of my visit there—we would all sit down to an old-fashioned poker session. I protested that I didn't play cards, but because she thought I was just being modest she went right head and set up the table. I don't know a spade from a heart and after the first round of cards she was relieved when I suggested that I sit out the next few hands. My evening was spent emptying ashtrays and filling glasses. I carried away a memory but not the kind my hostess would relish. The hostess hadn't bothered to *know* her guests. So rule number two, in my book, is: always plan for your guest's pleasure and forget what you, as the hostess, would prefer to do.

There is one quality which all of us who want to be good hostesses can acquire—the quality of self-confidence, which in my dictionary is almost the same as unselfishness. I think this quality comes from a woman's being a genuine success—in what she does, whether it's in the field of world affairs or in running a good household. And that means being considerate, too. As a hostess don't you just *hate* late guests for ruining your dinner? I know I do for lateness is just as ruinous to my television show. Mrs. Roosevelt, an ideal guest, if there ever was one, was half an hour early the day she appeared on Vanity Fair.

She didn't interrupt or demand special attention. Mrs. Roosevelt found each person she talked to stimulating and interesting. She asked questions and listened to the answers. Before the cameras, when broadcast time came, Mrs. Roosevelt was poised and assured. If each of us is to be a good hostess, I think we can learn from this example of a successful guest.

Rule number three: If you plan ahead so that your house is neat and clean, your dinner or supper is well prepared, you can then relax in the knowledge that you are an assured human being—and let your guests take the spotlight.

I think the perfect example of what thought and planning will do for a party was shown me not so long ago by a woman

who has a small one-room apartment here in New York. After a lively hour of getting each guest introduced and comfortable with the others, dinner was served. There was no dining room, so a table had been set at one end of the living room. From the tiny kitchenette the hostess brought out a casserole of curry and placed this on a small table to her right. Then she put the women to work filling the water glasses and placing the hot food around the table. She occupied the men by having them hollow out and shred a coconut. Everyone was finished with the chores at the same time and that awkward half hour of serving time was turned into fun.

In direct contrast to this I remember another party I attended when I was working on a Pasadena, California, newspaper. The hostess began the afternoon by apologizing for not having a bigger house. Among her guests were some women who had very amusing and interesting stories to tell but—as the afternoon wore on, I noticed that not once was any guest allowed to finish a story without the hostess interrupting to press a sandwich upon her . . . or empty an ashtray . . . or kill a point with a spot of house-cleaning (she even got down on her hands and knees and cleaned some crumbs off the floor). I resolved then and there that the guest's conversation is more important than her comfort. It taught me that the over-solicitous hostess can be a bloody bore. Rule number four is: allow your guests to feel at home.

There are few other specifics that I've learned over the years. Too much drinking makes for dullness. Introductions are another bothersome social formality which can be handled with grace instead of making everyone feel uncomfortable. The best rule is to fit an introduction in as you would any other part of your party. We allow our guests to catch their breath by letting them get their hats and coats deposited and by letting the women freshen their make-up. Then instead of introducing the guests around the room during a large party, we introduce them to the group nearest the entrance. As they move along we see that they meet members of the next group and so on around the room.

I do not approve of "business parties" as such but if your husband wants to invite his boss to dinner, by all means entertain him. But, do invite people whom you know he'll find interesting. Don't think it is necessary to invite the whole office force. Quite the contrary is true, for nine times out of ten the boss wants to come to your home because he's enjoyed your husband's company at the office and thinks it would be fun to relax with him. With the rest of the office present, he'll have to be on his best behaviour and so will the other guests and the results will be painful.

One last bit of advice: let parties fall in the relative scheme of things. Elsa Maxwell, probably the most famous party-giver of all, said she would come on my program—providing she didn't have to talk about giving parties. "After all," she told me, "all our famous hostesses today have much more important things to concern themselves with—life is filled with so much more than just mere parties."

R
M



Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs July 11 - August 10

Baseball Schedule for Television Viewing

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Thursday, July 12	1:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. D'gers	9
Friday, July 13	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. D'gers	9
	8:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. Giants	11
Saturday, July 14	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. D'gers	9
	1:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. Giants	11
	9:00 P.M.	Queens of Amer.**	7
Sunday, July 15	2:00 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. D'gers*	9
	2:00 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants*	11
Monday, July 16	1:30 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. D'gers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
Tuesday, July 17	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Wed.-Thurs., July 18-19	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
Friday, July 20	8:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. D'gers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. Giants	11
Saturday, July 21	1:30 P.M.	S. Louis vs. D'gers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. Giants	11
	9:00 P.M.	Queens of Amer.**	7
Sunday, July 22	2:00 P.M.	S. Louis vs. D'gers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. Giants*	11
Tues.-Thurs., July 24-26	2:30 P.M.	C'land vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Friday, July 27	8:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	11
Saturday, July 28	2:00 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Yank.*	5 & 11
Sunday, July 29	2:05 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Monday, July 30	8:30 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	11
Wed.-Thurs., August 1-2	2:30 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Fri.-Sat., August 3-4	2:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Sunday, August 5	2:00 P.M.	S. Louis vs. Yank.*	5 & 11
Monday, August 6	8:30 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yank.	11
Tuesday, August 7	8:30 P.M.	Giants vs. D'gers	9
Wed.-Thurs., August 8-9	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. D'gers	9
	2:30 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yank.	5 & 11
Friday, August 10	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. D'gers	9

*Doubleheader

**Chicago home games from the National Women's Professional Baseball League

Monday through Friday

- 1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2**
Baltimore-born Garry, who once collaborated on a play with F. Scott Fitzgerald, in variety.
- 2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2**
Daytime comedy serial of young married life, starring Olive Stacey and Jimmy Lydon.
- 3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4**
Screen star Susan Peters as Miss Susan Martin, a successful lawyer, confined to a wheelchair.
- 3:30 P.M. Remember This Date • 4**
Bill Stern, award winning sportscaster, with an audience participation quiz and merchandise prizes (Tuesday & Thursday).
- 5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4**
Over 30 actors a week contribute to the warmth and humor of the people in this typical American town, Philip Lord in the role of Judge Sharp.
- 5:00 P.M. Mary Hartline's Show • 7**
The pretty blonde who captivates youngsters and adults alike with music and games from Chicago.
- 5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4**
Bob Smith and his delightful puppets.
- 7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5**
Science adventure featuring Al Hodges in the title role of the interplanetary hero, Don Hastings plays his juvenile sidekick, the Video Ranger.
- 7:00 P.M. Time for Ernie • 4**
From Philadelphia, the city of peace, the riotous, zany burlesquing of Ernie Kovacs.
- 7:45 P.M. Mel Torme • 2 (M, W & F)**
Perry Como takes a vacation and the "velvet fog" blows in assisted by sweet-singing Mindy Carson.
- 7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4**
John Cameron Swayze, winner of twenty awards for newscasting, with the day's events.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7**
Two Hollywood aspirants compete for film contract aided by a guest star and emcee, Neil Hamilton.
- 8:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz Time • 2**
The TV Academy Award winner featuring Hollywood stars in charades. Mike Stokey, emcee.
- 8:00 P.M. Cameo Theater • 4**
Albert McCleery directs, using arena theater technique, special music and lighting.
- 8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2**
Hoosier comedian, Herb Shriner, spells Arthur Godfrey beginning July 30, as talented newcomers bid for stardom.
- 8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4**
Howard Barlow conducts the orchestra and chorus with concerts by distinguished musical artists.
- 9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4**
Tales of the supernatural. Frank Gallop, "the face," is hollow-voiced narrator.
- 9:30 P.M. Who's Who • 2**
Phil Baker takes over for the Goldbergs with a new quiz-identification game.
- 9:30 P.M. Somerset Maugham Theater • 4**
Full hour dramas adapted from the novels of the celebrated author. Biweekly: July 9 & 23.
- 10:00 P.M. Westinghouse Summer Theater • 2**
Hostess Betty Furness, with reruns of TV dramas.

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

The merry mix-ups in the Henderson family always involving playful housekeeper, Beulah, played by Hattie McDaniel. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr., Ginger Jones.

8:00 P.M. Pinky Lee Show • 4

Taking part of Uncle Miltie's time, Pinky Lee, Puck-like, lisping comedian, who started as a youngster with Gus Edwards and is widely remembered for appearances with Rudy Vallee.

8:00 P.M. Court of Current Issues • 5

In a typical courtroom setting, the judge puts on trial the most dramatic questions of the day. Outstanding personalities appear as witnesses with Irvin Sulds, creator, serving as "clerk."

8:30 P.M. Johns Hopkins Science Review • 5

The recent Peabody Award Winner program takes you behind the scenes in experimental work and discards professional terminology for layman's explanations. Lynn Poole, creator and producer, is your host.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4

Fun with children, Jack Barry moderating. His secret of success is to treat children with the same individual respect you would give adults.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5

Buddy Rogers, who now makes his home in Manhattan with wife Mary Pickford and their children, is handsome host to big name bands.

9:00 P.M. Q. E. D. • 7

From the mystery file, emcee Fred Uttal, attempts to stump a board of experts with questions on crime. Panelists: Harold G. Hoffman, ex-governor of New Jersey; Hi Brown, producer of Inner Sanctum; witty actress, Nina Foch, and others.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7

Octogenarians all but as bright and witty as any panel on TV. Youthful Jack Barry poses straight and funny questions to Georgianna Carhart, 85, former concert singer, John Dranuy, 89, former railroad engineer, Fred Stein, 82, realtor.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2

Exciting, tense drama that will needle your spine for thirty full minutes. Robert Stevens directs.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Charles W. Russell, who has acted for radio and movies, produces chillers of ill-fated people.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4

The talent show so close to American hearts for 17 years that it is almost an institution. Ted Mack, emcee, reveals that over 700,000 amateurs have been auditioned and 12,000 went on the air.

10:00 P.M. Royal Crest Theater • 5

A new series of feature films with actress Helen Twelvetrees as your hostess.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4

The comedian who shakes like jelly, Jack E. Leonard, shares laughs with statuesque blonde, Dagmar, Ray Malone, Kirby Stone Quartet.

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7

Jovial John Reed King with the famous audience participation quiz that pays off in handsome prizes and savings bonds worth a thousand dollars and more. Lovely Cindy Cameron assists John along with comedian Dick Collier, and song-dance team, Russell Arms and Liza Palmer, who fell in love and married after meeting on a Christmas eve TV show.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2

Arthur takes a well-earned vacation but the show goes on headlining vocalists Janette Davis, Hale-loke, Marion Marlowe and tenor Frank Parker, with Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer.

8:00 P.M. The Ruggles • 7

Family comedy filmed in Hollywood and starring the grand actor Charley Ruggles, 59-year-old comedian born in Los Angeles next door to the film industry that has made him so famous.

9:00 P.M. Charlie Wild • 2

The tough, slugging private eye who will tackle any crime is played by veteran performer, John McQuade, who began his career as a boy soprano.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theater • 4

The fine dramatic show, now celebrating its fifth year on TV, with excellently produced and cast plays adapted from stage classics of all times.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go! • 5

Quiz show based on parlor game, "Hang the Butcher." Moderator is Dr. Bergen Evans. Panelists: Toni Gilman, stage star; Carmelita Pope, actress; Fran Coughlin, writer; Prof. Robert Breen of Northwestern University.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

Men trapped by fate with no escape but death is the theme of half-hour dramas culled from the pens of the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, director of What's My Line?, produces.

9:30 P.M. Shadow of the Cloak • 5

Counter-espionage series with Helmut Dantine investigating insidious operations.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling from Chicago

The grapplers grimace, grunt, growl and groan from Rainbow Arena as Wayne Griffin peeks from his foxhole where many times he has ducked a flying mare.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2

Dennis James, known for his wrestling commentary, is sportscaster on "Blue Ribbon" bouts originating from Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia, St. Louis Arena and St. Nicholas Arena.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4

Bert Parks, who spent three weeks behind the Jap lines in World War II, asks ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars with a chance at the bank which has held over 9,000 dollars. Bud Collyer is your host with music by Peter Van Steeden's orchestra.

10:30 P.M. Stars Over Hollywood • 4

Original comedies and light dramas, filmed in the motion picture capital, especially for video. Cast with Hollywood stars as well as newcomers.

Thursday**7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7**

Cast to proportions of the courageous law-enforcement officers of the Old Wild West, the masked rider and Silver fearlessly combat crime.

8:00 P.M. Starlight Theater • 2

Dramas featuring well-known stars in top romantic roles, set in the contemporary scene. Biweekly: July 12 & 26, August 9. Alternating with—

Burns and Allen

Along with popular comic-announcer Bill Goodwin, Georgie and Gracie chase through hilarious madcaps for as Gracie notes she was born in San Francisco the year of the big earthquake.

8:00 P.M. It Pays to be Ignorant • 4

Groucho rests and timeless comic Tom Howard takes over, jokingly assisted by George Shelton, Lulu McConnell and Harry McNaughton.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7

Zestful, indefatigable Bert Parks again with the TV edition of the show he made famous. Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine and Betty Ann Grove in cute musical sketches that furnish clues for those who stop the music for prizes worth up to \$15,000.

8:00 P.M. The Al Morgan Show • 5

From Chicago, the very popular variety show featuring Al Morgan, singer and pianist.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2

The saga that has kept the nation chuckling for 25 years with Amos played by Alvin Childress, Andy, Spencer Williams, Kingfish, Tim Moore.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4

Stories from the closed files of the U. S. Treasury Department with exciting integrated film and live performances. Walter Greaza, with more than 30 Broadway plays to his credit, as the "Chief."

9:00 P.M. Ford Festival • 4

Starring James Melton, who made his first appearance in New York's Roxy Theater. Story lines that embrace all factors of show business with orchestra directed by David Broekman.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5

The super-criminologist plays for keeps in this crime series loaded with startling situations. Ellery is portrayed by Lee Bowman with Florenz Ames as Inspector Queen, Ellery's father.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Pat McVey, married to Milwaukee actress Courteen Landis, cast as Steve Wilson, earthy, hard-working reporter, in action-paced series of a crusading editor. Mary K. Wells as Lorelei.

10:00 P.M. Freddy Martin Show • 4

The popular maestro, raised in an orphanage, knows about humble beginnings and premieres a new show to help amateur musicians. Each week a musician is selected until a complete new band is formed. Merv Griffin is vocalist.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2

Casey, click man, who strays into murders and excitement, assisted by Inspector Logan.

10:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 4

The cartoon-charade series featuring pretty Eloise McElhone as emcee. King Features cartoonist, Bob Durin draws charades while a guest panel tries questions submitted by TV audience.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4

See Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., for description.

Friday**8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 1**

The winsome, Windy City youngsters whose amazing brilliance and wit make for thorough adult enjoyment. Joe Kelly poses ingenious visual quiz to Joel Kupperman, 14, Harvey Dytch, 7, and guests.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2

Ralph Bellamy plays he-man Mike Barnett, a shrewd, hard-hitting private detective. Bellamy, in his teens, had his sights set on the theater as president of his high school dramatic club.

9:00 P.M. The Door with No Name • 4

Replacing Big Story for the summer is this fast moving crime series of a government agent who probes murders no one else can solve. Grant Richards, Hollywood actor, in starring role. Mel Ruich plays the part of his agency chief.

9:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5

Original TV melodramas cast with Broadway veterans. Author Lawrence Menkin explains the title comes from the belief that all emotions funnel through the hands for it is the hands that perform the final act of violence.

9:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7

Excellent produced dramas featuring documentary treatment of Pulitzer Prize news stories as well as plays and novels from the pen of past Pulitzer winners.

9:00 P.M. Film Firsts • 2

Feature films never before seen on television. July 13th, "The Gay Intruder"; July 20, "Man In Black"; July 27, "Topper Takes A Trip" with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young and Billie Burke; August 3, "Hell's Devils", starring Alan Ladd; Aug. 10, "The Man Who Lost Himself" with Brian Aherne and Kay Francis.

9:30 P.M. Front Page Detective • 5

Edmund Lowe, many years a star of stage and screen, stars in sleuthing that rocks the headlines of daily papers as he uncovers corruption.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4

Jimmy Powers, as well known for his TV and radio commentary as his daily column, is sports-caster for boxing and other sports events.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5

Stellar name guests in company with comedian-emcee Jackie Gleason, once a daredevil driver in an auto circus. The June Taylor Dancers trip the light fantastic with music by Sammy Spear.

10:00 P.M. Star of the Family • 2

You'll meet relatives of famous show people along with the stars themselves who perform their specialties. Program moves to 6:30 P.M. on Sundays, beginning July 29th, with Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy as your hosts.

10:00 P.M. Jerry Colonna • 7

Fog-horned voice comic in new variety comedy.

10:45 P.M. Great Fights of the Century • 4

History-making events from the ring on film: July 13, Joe Louis vs. Tony Galento; July 20, Billy Conn vs. Melio Bettina; July 27, Mickey Walker vs. Max Schmeling; August 3, Jack Dempsey vs. Gene Tunney, Chicago; August 10, Joe Louis vs. Charley Retzlaff, Barney Ross vs. Ceferino Garcia.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4

See Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., for description.

11:30 A.M. Date with Judy • 7

Completely revamped for TV, the famous radio program with its family situations complicated by teen-age Judy. Producer is Aleen Leslie.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2

Elephants, jugglers, acrobats along with others make up this full hour fun-fest with ringmaster Jack Sterling, clowns McMahon and Keegan.

12:30 P.M. Faith Baldwin Theater • 7

Stirring stories of romance from the pen of Faith Baldwin. Authoress Baldwin narrates the stories herself with stars cast in the leading roles. Bi-weekly: July 14 & 28. Alternating with—

I Cover Times Square

Ace newspaper columnist Johnny Warren, played by Harold Huber, covers Times Square to uncover the angles and angels that make it the heart of the city. Biweekly: July 21 and August 4.

1:00 P.M. Laraine Day Show • 7

One of the loveliest and most gracious ladies on TV, Laraine Day, actress and wife of Leo Durocher, weaves entertainment and interviews.

6:00 P.M. Studs' Place • 7

From Chicago, a genuine human show of everyday people who frequent a diner. Studs Terkel manages the eatery; Chet Roble is at the keyboard and Beverly Younger is seen as Grace.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Bud Collyer, one of TV's nicest people, with a clever audience stunt show. Contestants compete for prizes worth one to several hundred dollars.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4

Bert Lytell, who made his acting debut as Marie Dressler's nephew, plays Father Barbour in this well-loved series. Marjorie Gateson as Mother.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7

Stu and June Collyer, who celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary this July 22, in bright comedy about the hi-jinks of a school principal.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7

61-year-old maestro Paul Whiteman with an elaborate summer show featuring pert Nancy Lewis, Junie Keegan and Sonny Graham.

8:00 P.M. Feature Films • 2 & 4

NBC and CBS come up with movies for times vacated by Jack Carter and Ken Murray.

9:00 P.M. Summer Hayride • 4

An hour barn dance from Cincinnati. Emcee Bill Thall with singers Judy Perkins and Lee Jones, plus Kentucky Briar Hoppers, the Rangers, Pine Mountain Boys and many others.

9:00 P.M. Faye Emerson Show • 2

Thirty minutes with the beguiling queen of TV. Faye admits she gets brickbats as well as bouquets from fans but aims to continue covering a wide range of subjects in behind-the-scene visits.

9:00 P.M. They Stand Accused • 5

Provocative marital questions that form the crux of difference between man and woman are subjects for this realistic courtroom drama.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2

Robert Q. Lewis (the Q for quixotic, quick and cute) interviews prospective buyers of talent and auditions entertainers in hopes of a sale.

10:00 P.M. Sing It Again • 2

Comic Jan Murray, selected as TV's best-dressed man, selects jokes and contestants for the song quiz, offering savings bonds as prizes. Alan Dale and Judy Lynn add visual and vocal clues.

10:00 P.M. Doodles Weaver Show • 4

A half-hour "mad-house" of comedy featuring mad clown Doodles and a crazy trio of stooges.

10:30 P.M. Assignment: Man Hunt • 4

Subbing for Hit Parade, this semi-documentary thriller with detectives in pursuit of vicious killers. Dan Petrie is in charge.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7

A mammoth show in the best traditions of the big ring with Ringmaster Claude Kirchner, clowns Cliffy, Scampy, bandleader Mary Hartline.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4

Shoot 'em up Westerns, filmed in Hollywood for TV, starring Bill Boyd in title role. Latest enterprise of Bill's is an 80-acre park for children in California, aptly called, "Hoppyland."

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7

Ted, who makes his home along the Hudson's Rip Van Winkle country, presents professional entertainers in songs, music and dance in a format fashioned after the late Major Bowes' program.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2

America's favorite singing cowboy filmed in action packed Westerns. Horse-ridin' Gene also pilots his own plane whenever he takes long trips.

7:00 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4

Moderator Maggi McNellis may collect porcelain cupids but here she spurs on the girls in their unceasing warfare against the male sex. Panelists: Eloise McElhone, Dorothy Kilgallen, Harriet Van Horne with one man as a sitting duck.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7

A grand musicale with Pops' vocal and dance groups and featuring baritone Earl Wrightson and soprano Maureen Cannon, who made her debut at 12 in Chicago.

7:30 P.M. Go Lucky • 2

A brand-new quiz game patterned after the old parlor favorite, "Coffee Pot." Contestants, chosen from the audience, pair off to try their luck at prizes for "coffee-potting" celebrities.

7:45 P.M. Theatre of Movie Classics • 9

Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., are just a few of yesterday's favorites seen in this series.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2

Ed Sullivan will take a few weeks' vacation but cheer will continue with the usual great variety show plus Ray Bloch's band and the Toastettes.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hall • 4

Recitals by some of our finest artists.

9:00 P.M. Guest House • 2

A show-biz-quiz as top guest performers appear before a panel of experts to act, sing or dance out riddles.

9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse • 4

Gordon Duff, once an economics teacher, directs this dramatic showpiece, presenting full hour TV plays adapted from best-selling books.

9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5

Roscoe Karns, quizzical-faced Hollywood character actor, in title role with who-dunits stressing believable police work rather than violence.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5

Ken Lynch portrays the hard-working police lieutenant probing baffling murders while the camera functions as his eye and only his voice is heard. Jack Orrison is cast as his assistant, Sgt. Brady.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time

Conrad Nagel, born 1897 in Keokuk, Illinois, deftly directs the game and fun session between celebrities and 300-pound Yale coach Herman Hickman and musical star Mary McCarty.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

A challenging quiz show as the panel tries to determine the occupation of contestants. John Daly moderates the rotating experts: columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, poet Louis Untermeyer, comedy writer Hal Block, and actress Arlene Francis.

GORDON MACRAE

(Continued from page 37) know that!) Right now, after three years of working with him, those first impressions are still with me only more so. What a wonderful person he is when the going gets hard, as it sometimes will on any show. Never any signs of stage fright. He's one of the most reliable performers I've ever come across in years of working with a great many of them. Not only does Gordie keep himself and his part well in hand, but he has a kindly eye out for everyone else on the program. If an actor drops a line, misses a cue, or suffers from momentary forgetfulness, there's Gordie, smoothing over the rough spot so beautifully that the audience never suspects.

GORDIE is really serious about his work. Not that he's a sourpuss—believe me, there's no one quicker with a gag, no one more willing to kid. But never during working time. He's completely—and unaffectedly—sincere about every part he plays, every song he sings. And especially about The Railroad Hour. After all, he says, it's this show that's responsible in a large part for putting him in the enviable position he's enjoying today, and he never forgets that for a minute.

The lack of temperamental displays on Gordie's part stems, I'm sure, from the fact that the high-strung, hurry-scurry-worry "artisticness" that so many performers call temperament has no part in him. He is an artist, without any need for impressing the fact on doubters because there aren't any doubters. He's relaxed, sure of himself, Gordie is. If he makes a mistake while singing, he knows it and doesn't try to brush it off lightly or lay the blame on any convenient pair of shoulders. He's the first to admit it, because mistakes bother him a lot.

So there's not a temperamental bone in his body. Nor a jealous bone, either—and that's pretty rare in this business, too. It's nice to hear the respect in Gordie's voice when he speaks of the work of others. If he thinks you're good, he's thoroughly sold on you—and loyal. For instance, the MacRaes are a home-loving pair, not given to nightclubbing. But let a performer Gordie knows about, has faith in, open at a local spot and there are Gordon and his pretty Sheila on hand with applause and general moral support.

There's such an abundance of energy wrapped up in Gordie! He's the first to start, the last to run down, during rehearsal. He simply wouldn't understand what it would be to rest on his laurels. His excess energy he applies, when he's not actually working on rehearsal, to vocalizing. You never lose Gordie—you can always tell, by the vocalizing, just where he is at any given moment. And his enthusiasms are as many as his ability is great. There was the recent Railroad Hour performance of "Madame Butterfly" for instance. The lead, Lt. Pinkerton, is written for tenor—but baritone MacRae carried it off with great verve all the same, and it was terrific!

For my money, the whole MacRae family comes right up in the terrific class, anyway. Sheila, a tearing beauty even in

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The stirring account of a young girl who vacations alone to get even and finds a new and lasting love.

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this town where beauty comes by the bushel, is also a wonderful person. It won't be long before Sheila and Gordon celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary, and celebrating with them will be their three delightful children, Meredith Lynn, who's seven, Heather Allison, five and two-year-old William Gordon, called Gar.

Sheila and Gordon met when the Millpond Stock Company, of which Sheila was a member, held tryouts for new actors. Privately surveying the field that was waiting to audition, Sheila spotted Gordon and, she tells me, didn't think much of him. There he was, filling in the waiting time humming and trying out a soft-shoe routine. Obviously he didn't have his mind—as Sheila most emphatically did at the moment—on Higher Things. He didn't take his Art seriously. He was, Sheila decided, a low-brow, and as such he didn't make much headway when he began trying to date her.

"I MEANT to be a great star," Sheila says. "All I thought about was the theatre, except," she confesses, "when I thought about myself and how terribly talented I was! As a matter of fact, I first dated Gordon because he seemed like a good person to fritter away my time while I was trying to recover from the loss of the Great Love of my Life."

Fortunately, Sheila's parents, when she brought Gordie home to meet them, took to him at once. For a while Sheila convinced herself that she only tolerated Gordie for her parents' sake, but pretty soon she forgot all that nonsense and decided that her own sake was a better—and more honest—reason for liking to have Gordie around.

Probably you know the story of Gordie's big break—it's the one they tell of a lot of stars, but in his case it's really true. When the Millpond Stock Company broke up at the end of the summer season, Gordie got a job as an NBC page boy in New York. He was happy and he sang as he hustled around Radio City. And yes, you guessed it—a big-timer heard him, liked his voice, asked him if he wouldn't like to stop paging and take a job with his band. In this case the big-timer was representing Horace Heidt, and, as in any other cases of the sort on record, the page boy said a big and firm "Yes!" Why, the salary was the stratospheric sum of fifty dollars a week—even though Gordie hadn't thought much about singing professionally, who wouldn't jump at such an offer?

It was that very night, after the historic Heidt meeting, that Gordie proposed to Sheila. She met him at Radio City so they could go to dinner together and he could tell her his wonderful news. But when they met he led the way, instead of to a restaurant, to a little jewelry shop. There Gordie bought a diamond and put it on Sheila's finger. "The smallest one in the shop, and Gordie was months paying for it," Sheila tells you, "but it was, and still is, the most beautiful of jewels to me."

Gordie went to Cleveland with the Heidt orchestra. They wrote every day, and Gordie telephoned long distance whenever he could, but it wasn't enough. Gordon, the cheery one, moped until the Heidts took pity on him—or, maybe, on the rest of the members of the company.

Anyway, Mrs. Heidt telephoned Sheila's mother, begged her to allow Sheila to visit with them, promised a careful chaperonage for still-teen-aged Sheila. That was in the spring, and everyone knows what spring does to young love. Sheila and Gordie were no different from any other in-love youngsters. It wasn't long before they were hunting a minister.

I like the story Sheila tells about their wedding. Although they were in a strange city, so of course the minister they found was a stranger, he wasn't the kind who marries a pair of young people unless he's sure they know what they're doing, sure that they are really in love.

"He told me," Sheila says, "that no couple he'd married had ever been divorced. And he wanted to know if I realized how important a step this was. I told him how very much in love I was, which seemed to me a complete answer to the question. But it wasn't, and I've never forgotten what he told me then. You have to be more than in love, he told me. You have to be willing to give up every other thing that's important to you, if necessary, to make your marriage succeed. You have to make up your mind that your husband will come first in your thoughts, that you're prepared to serve and cherish him all your life."

Sheila must have convinced the wise and kindly old man that this was what marriage meant to her, because Sheila and Gordie were married that day. Nowadays, no one who knows the MacRaes could help but be convinced that this is exactly what marriage still means to Sheila. And to Gordon, too. With them, their marriage comes first.

Sheila is a better rememberer of specific appointments than Gordon is, but he's one of those rare and wonderful men who never forgets an anniversary or a special occasion. He remembers all the little days, the small remember-when occasions, as well as the more obvious birthdays and holidays.

The best important-occasion celebration from the MacRae children's point of view is the one they're allowed at such times as birthdays. Then they attend the Railroad Hour show, and how they love it! And how I enjoy seeing Meredith and Heather, sitting in ladylike decorum in the client's booth, watching Daddy with wide eyes and undisguised admiration!

BY NOW you'll have realized that my own admiration for Gordon MacRae is in the undisguised class. My work consists of seeing him at Friday rehearsals, at an occasional Sunday rehearsal, and of course all day Monday, which is show day. But this is only a part of my work in connection with the Railroad Hour. You see, preparation for each program begins at least two weeks before the date it's to go on the air. There's a lot of routine. Clearing music rights, sending scripts to be mimeographed, notifying cast, sometimes helping to cast acting roles, arranging for studio and rehearsal time at NBC—all these chores I must be in on, and all must be done before the initial rehearsal of the show.

Friday is the first get-together—what's called a rough dress with piano accompaniment—and then comes the cutting and

ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

re-writing of the script. On Monday comes complete rehearsal, full cast and full orchestra, as long as necessary to get the program in shape. Show time itself is never nerve-wracking. With Gordon on hand there's a lack of tension, and it's tension that wracks nerves.

Gordie's always considerate of the people who work for and with him. The team that puts on the Railroad Hour is just that—a team. Conductor-arranger Carmen Dragon has a great deal of respect for Gordie, and that respect is mutual. This admiration is shared by Norman Luboff, who's choir director.

Gordie shows the same earnestness toward his fans that he does concerning his work. They're very important people, those fans, and he never loses track of the fact—as some performers do, once they've reached the top—that if it weren't for the fans who love him he wouldn't have got up the long, hard ladder. And if they don't continue to love him he won't stay there. And so, he loves them in return. He never brushes aside the crowd outside the back door—the artists' entrance, it's called—at NBC. He stops to talk, to give autographs, to make the youngsters know he's their friend.

In case you've decided by now that Gordon MacRae is just about perfect, let me hasten to correct this. He's not—that would be awfully dull. He has faults, sure, like any normal human being. For instance, there's that forgetfulness of his I mentioned before. I have to keep extra-good track of appointments, because Gordie doesn't. He has to be reminded. Sometimes he's late for rehearsals on account of he's got himself involved in an exciting golf game. But he's never late for a show, and has never missed a show.

I have a special reason of my own for thinking of Gordie—and of Sheila, too, for that matter—as a really kind and thoughtful person. A little while back I was rushed to the hospital with an attack of appendicitis. That was the afternoon of the show, the last one to be recorded before Gordie left for a trip to New York. When I swam out of the ether, minus my appendix, next morning, there was a phone call from Gordie and Sheila, who absolutely refused to leave town until they were sure I was out of danger!

I don't think you'll find it hard to understand why, when people ask me, "Bet, don't you want to quit your job and be a housewife?" I shake my head and answer a most positive, "Not for me!" Sure, I'm happily married—but my husband, Howard Cooley, doesn't stay home to be a housewife, either, and the only reason I can see for staying home would be to be with him. Howard does his job as an NBC engineer—and I'll keep right on doing mine as Railroad Hour secretary, thanks! What could I find to do at home that would be half so much fun?

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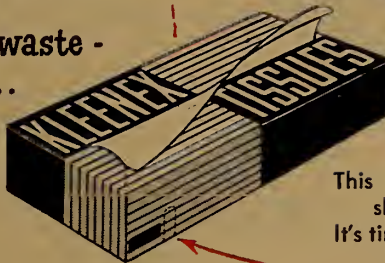
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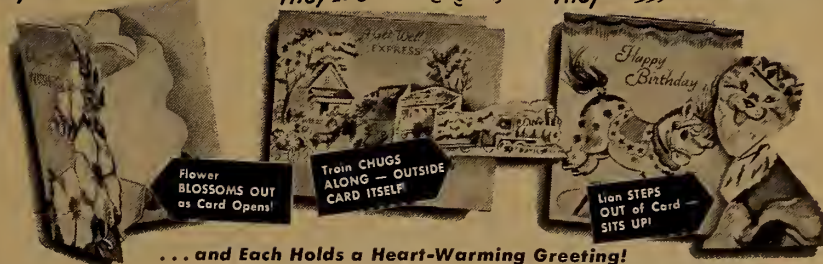


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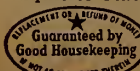
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(Continued from page 39) we've made many wonderful friends with whom we still correspond, although we haven't even met most of them.

I suppose every girl dreams of a big, big wedding, with literally thousands of people on hand. I'm one of the fortunate few who has been able to share the happiness of my life's biggest moment with so many. And it was such a beautiful wedding. The quiet dignity of the wedding chapel which the Bride and Groom producers have built as a setting for the program; the warm, pleasant friendliness of John Nelson, the master of ceremonies; and the cordial, sincere attitude of the Rev. Harold J. Quigley, who officiated, all combined to make my wedding a memory which Dick and I shall cherish always.

I think there's something appropriate in our being married on Bride and Groom, with people in many cities in many parts of the country among the viewers. You see, Dick and I come from widely-separated places, Vermont and Texas.

I went to Wheaton and Simmons Colleges, then came to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to work as a secretary. Dick came to M.I.T. to do graduate work. He's now working for the Air Force in electronics at M.I.T.

We met at a party given for the M.I.T. laboratory where I work. There were many people there, but I noticed one particularly handsome man surrounded by a crowd of girls. I couldn't help noticing that he was making dates with many of the girls, and I made up my mind he was a wolf.

A few minutes later, someone introduced Dick to me, and he immediately asked me for a date. I turned him down. Even the wolf in the fairy tale went after only one Little Red Riding-Hood.

Oh, I admit that I felt a tingle of excitement when he called me—which he did every day during the following week. I found it harder and harder to refuse him a date, and was really happy when he finally suggested that I go with him and a group of four others to a hit play.

Dick, much to my surprise, behaved like a perfect gentleman. I still didn't believe him when he repeated his earlier statement—that the moment he first met me he knew I was the girl for him and that I was going to marry him.

Every day after that, Dick phoned me and asked for another date, and I kept refusing. Finally, though, I gave in and went with him to a baseball game.

On the way home, Dick asked me to marry him. I said no. I told him why, too. He was too good-looking, too conceited, too much of a playboy. Besides, I didn't love him.

After that, I gave him an occasional date, and every time we went out he'd proposed to me. I kept finding it more and more difficult to turn him down.

My situation was getting more and more confused, too. There was another boy in Minnesota of whom I was very fond, and he had been asking me to marry him. He was coming East for the holidays and I promised to give him my answer during his visit. I mentioned this to Dick, of course, and if you ever saw a man eaten up with jealousy, it was Dick from then on. He

insisted that I couldn't have the other fellow come to Massachusetts to visit me.

"He's coming and I'm going to give him my answer, and it will probably be 'yes,'" I announced firmly. The angrier Dick got, the more I became convinced that he did love me. And that I loved him.

Finally Dick said, "All right, be stubborn and have your boy friend come out for Christmas—but marry me first."

Being a woman, I suppose it's only natural stubbornness that kept me from agreeing to marry Dick when he wanted. But when he called me next day, and asked me again to marry him in December, I said I'd marry him in February. He said he'd accept the later date if I'd not let my boy friend from Minnesota come out.

From then on, our romance progressed beautifully.

Discussing our wedding plans, we decided it would be nice to have Dick's relatives in Texas and mine in Vermont present, but realized it would be difficult for many of them to make the trip. That's when we decided to apply to Bride and Groom, so our families could see our wedding through the miracle of television.

We wrote for an application and held our breath while waiting for word. How thrilled we were when Harriett Snelling, hostess on the program, called long-distance to tell us we had been chosen.

The weeks that followed were hectic ones. Fortunately I was spared the added task of arranging details of the ceremony. The Bride and Groom people took care of all the arrangements, efficiently and with taste.

Our wedding was beautiful and impressive. My gown was gorgeous antique ivory Skinner's satin in a semi-off-the-shoulder model, with antique lace bertha and a net yoke. My finger-tip veil fell from a Juliet cap trimmed with white forget-me-nots. Elbow-length gloves and a single-strand pearl necklace completed my ensemble.

The gifts which the Bride and Groom producers showered on Dick and me were fabulous. For our honeymoon, Dick and I went to that dream place of all newlyweds, Niagara Falls. For a whole week we revelled in the luxurious accommodations.

Now we've settled down in our little home in Brookline. For the time being I'm back at work as a secretary, but I still find time to keep house and cook.

I don't believe I'll continue working too long, though. Dick and I both want to have a family—a big family. I'd like to have a couple of boys who look like Dick, and he says he wants a couple of girls who look like me.

Meanwhile, though, I'm enjoying my busy career-gal-housewife routine. Each day Dick and I hurry home from work and fix dinner. I cook New England style, and Dick is trying to teach me to make some of his favorite Texas dishes... mostly steak! Dishwashing is a joint enterprise, too, and so is housework.

Even shopping we do together, and the women still cast admiring glances at my handsome husband every time we enter the grocery store. But I'm not jealous, even when he smiles pleasantly at them. I know I'm the one he loves—I'm the one he married!

VERY PEACHY

(Continued from page 55)

PASTRY

1 cup sifted flour 3 tablespoons cold
 ¼ teaspoon salt water, about
 1/3 cup shortening

Measure flour and salt into a bowl. Cut in shortening using a pastry blender or 2 knives, until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Sprinkle cold water over mixture. Blend lightly with fork until pastry forms a ball, leaving sides of bowl clean. Roll into circle 1/8 inch thick on lightly floured board. Cut pastry into circle 3/4 inch less in diameter than baking dish used for peaches. Cut pastry into 5 wedge shaped pieces. Prick wedges with fork. Place wedges on baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) about 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. Place pastry over baked peach filling before serving. Garnish with whipped cream and blueberries.

PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM

Makes about 6 servings

1 tablespoon gelatine 1/2 cup sugar
 2 tablespoons cold 1/8 teaspoon salt
 water 1 cup heavy cream
 4 fresh peaches, 1 tablespoon
 peeled and chopped lemon juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add chopped peaches, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Mix thoroughly. Chill. When almost set, fold in whipped cream; chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with nuts.

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(Continued from page 41) but we certainly don't want to copy the poor dears! The first step to popularity then is liking people. And the perfect example of this is my husband. He likes people. He enjoys them. They can feel that he likes them. I remember walking with Leo on Park Avenue one day when a young man stopped Leo and introduced himself. He said that he didn't want to intrude on Leo's time, but if Leo could possibly stop by the hospital where the young man's father was seriously ill, the young man felt it would do his father a world of good. The next day Leo went in and talked to the boy's father. Leo genuinely liked him, too, and as a result when Leo needs friends he has them.

Just learn to think more of other people than you do of yourself and you've tucked rule number one away. Right now is the time to explain to yourself that shyness is natural to everyone. But when shyness interferes with your making friends, it is a form of selfishness. You are using it as an excuse. Here are some practical hints that I can pass on to you. I've watched others use them.

As an example we will use Gail Patrick Jackson. She was an actress and now runs a darling children's shop in Beverly Hills. She is married to a successful advertising executive and is one of the most charming hostesses in all of California. I know because I've been her guest innumerable times. Whenever she enters a room full of people she greets those she knows and then plunges into the really difficult part —introduces herself to those she doesn't know. You can do it, too, once you see how successful you can be. Who knows, perhaps you'll meet the dreamboat of all times just by extending your hand in friendly greeting.

Don't hesitate to ask help when you need it from those you trust. When I was approached to do a TV show, I was frankly frightened of the idea. I'd never appeared in public as Laraine Day. Always I was an actress playing a part. So I started my first shows with people I knew very well. They helped me get over my first hurdle, and gave me the chance to achieve success and self-confidence. Then I found myself able to cope with strangers.

At first I was timid about asking di-

rectly what a stranger did or was interested in. But I found it was really easy. Remember that the other fellow wants to make a good impression on you, and usually the things nearest and dearest to his heart make the easiest conversational pegs. I found that nearly everyone was interested in baseball so I had a conversational handle and once I grabbed that, I was in.

This goes hand in hand with listening intelligently. The perfect example of that is the motion picture actor. The first thing you learn in dramatics is how to listen because your reaction to the other actor's lines is what counts in dramatics. It takes time for you to give up the habit of considering yourself first and your partner in conversation second, but once this is reversed, you've won. Your confidence in the person speaking makes him think he's great and isn't that what we're after?

Don't be afraid to express an honest opinion—but do be tolerant of the other person, too. Remember we live with all sorts of people. For instance, in our household our daughter, Michele, isn't interested in baseball. She prefers concerts, children's plays, her ballet lessons, music. On the other hand, Chris, our son, is not the least bit excited about anything *except* sports, and particularly baseball. He's in heaven when he gets into his uniform (a small-scale version of my husband's Giant uniform number 7) and sits on the Giants' bench.

Here's one very nice thing about personality—it has little to do with being beautiful. Some of the women to whom we'd never think of giving a beauty prize are the ones we admire most. But there's one thing they all have—good grooming. And every woman can, with effort, have it.

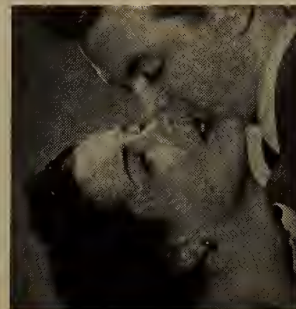
You'll find that life's fun, too, if you develop a variety of interests. For example if you can draw a little, show your talent to advantage by making gay party invitations or birthday greetings. Not long ago I took up weaving as a hobby, and I can't tell you what pleasure I get from making stoles, rugs, other gifts for my friends. After all, things like that are a little bit of you and your time that you're sharing with others.

And that brings us right back to rule number one. So, be yourself—but your very best self, remember—and have fun!

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HERE'S MARY MARGARET

(Continued from page 31) were almost always at his own request. His secretary would call Mary Margaret: "The Little Flower has something to say on Tuesday? Can it be arranged?"

Always with an urgent message for New Yorkers, the small and fiery mayor would arrive at the studio without having given Mary Margaret an inkling of what was on his mind. "Mary," he'd say when they went on the air—she was always Mary to him, never Mary Margaret, "I think the people of New York ought to know about this!" Then he'd launch an impassioned plea for attention to some civic problem. Once it was for a personal cause.

"Mary, it's that house they've given me. It stinks!"

DURING his second term in office, the City of New York had bought an historical mansion as official residence for its mayor. "Oh, you mean Gracie Mansion?" Mary Margaret asked.

"That's what they call it," he answered. "And they expect me to live in it. But I tell you, it stinks! The rugs haven't been cleaned. There's grease all over. My wife can't cook a meal, the kitchen's so filthy. It hasn't even been painted. Now, Mary, I don't think the people of New York want their mayor living in a place like that!"

As a result of the broadcast, a group of women formed a citizens' committee for the purpose of renovating Gracie Mansion. What probably would have taken months of snail-like legislation was accomplished in only two weeks.

Much as it annoys Mary Margaret to be called a commentator, it annoys Stella Karn even more to hear Mary Margaret referred to as a phenomenon.

"She has tremendous ability," says Stella, "and she's a hard worker. Where's the phenomenon? I've known Mary Margaret for thirty years and I always knew she was going far. There was never a time when I or anyone else thought differently. Even as a youngster, she had a respect for work. And she gets a great deal of pleasure out of it. What's more, I don't think she's changed much in the years I've known her. I always say to her, 'Mary Margaret, they can take you away from the country, but they can't take the country away from you.'"

Life for Mary Margaret began on a farm in Paris, Missouri, November 16, 1899. Her father, Walker McBride, was of Irish descent and known as one of the best farmers and traders in Monroe County. Her mother, Elizabeth Craig, whose Scotch ancestors had been in America since the Revolutionary War, was the typical, tireless farm woman of that era. For her, the word leisure had no meaning. The rooster's crow at four was her alarm clock and her day began with the building of the fire, the feeding of the chickens and the preparation of enormous breakfasts for her husband, children—Tommy, Mary Margaret and later, Buford, Milton and Boone. Sweeping, churning, bathing the babies, preserving, baking, sewing, gardening—this was her

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routine. It never varied the seven days of the week except for Sunday church-going.

Religion was important to the McBrides. Grandpa Craig, Mary Margaret's beloved "Pa," was a Baptist preacher who served the little prairie churches without regard for personal reward. Sometimes he took his granddaughter on his rounds. Memories of sitting with Pa in the rickety carriage behind the mare, Bess, are precious to Mary Margaret. Pa was her confidant, her inspiration and the first to recognize that the bright-eyed little girl was destined for a life beyond the farm.

"You'll be famous some day, Daught," he'd say.

"Really famous?" she'd ask, wriggling with delight.

"Yes, Daught, really famous."

As difficult as life was for the wives and mothers of those days, it couldn't help but be a happy one for the young. Mary Margaret and Tommy, close in age and allies in mischief, knew every honest excitement that farm life affords. Under the great oak was the swing whose swift flights revealed vistas of golden fields. There were the journeys with Papa to the sheep in the salt pasture. There was the smelly, ill-tempered goat, Oscar, that Mary Margaret and Tommy nevertheless adored. There were popcorn parties around a great fire. Best of all, there were the splendid tables set by Mama.

"When I first came to New York," says Mary Margaret, "I hated the food. It's a wonder I didn't turn thin! The chicken wasn't fit to eat and the mashed potatoes were full of lumps. How I used to long for my mother's meals. She and my aunts were the best cooks in Monroe County."

The produce of that fertile county overflowed on the McBrides' table: thick slices of fried ham with rich, red gravy; enormous Ponderosa tomatoes; crisp brown baby chicken; hand-beaten mashed potatoes which Mary Margaret describes as "fluffy as a cloud;" potato soup heavy with cream and onions; cabbage pudding; fresh country sausage; and the magnificent creations from Mama's oven—biscuits, rolls, Southern corn bread, chocolate blanc mange, thick pies oozing golden juices. Little wonder that Mary Margaret's New York diet seemed pallid!

ALL THROUGH Mary Margaret's girlhood, New York and the dream of becoming a great writer were part of her conscious desires. A reading child, she absorbed all the primers in the one-room schoolhouse before most of her contemporaries could even decipher the printed word, raced through the juvenile classics, and sat for many happy hours thumbing through piles of old magazines in her aunt's attic.

At eleven, Mary Margaret went away to the boarding school which had been founded by her uncle and which to this day bears his name, the William Woods College. It was her aunt's fondest hope that Mary Margaret would someday assume the role of "lady principal" in this school. To this end, the wealthy Mrs. Woods was willing to train her niece. She was even willing to pay Mary Margaret's expenses at the University of Missouri. But at the end of her first year at the University, Mary Margaret, clinging to her original aspiration, shocked her aunt

by telling her that she had no intention of becoming the "lady principal" of William Woods College.

"If you don't do what I tell you," stormed Mrs. Woods, "I won't give you anything!"

The threat did not daunt Mary Margaret. She worked for a year on the Mexico, Missouri, Ledger—"I did everything on that paper except set the type"—and then went back to Columbia for another year-and-a-half at the University. She took as many courses as possible a term and attended summer sessions, thus getting her journalism degree in a total of two-and-a-half years. Such a schedule may have been possible for any brilliant girl, but, cut off from her aunt's support, Mary Margaret had to earn her own way. She solved this by doing part-time work for the Columbia Times. Often she worked nights. If she was paid, she ate. And getting paid depended on the amount of copy she supplied. A big source of her copy was a little delicatessen store run by a German woman. There the ladies of Columbia ordered their luncheon rolls or party ice cream or company salads. By finding out who had ordered what, Mary Margaret was able to get leads on social functions for the paper.

THE LITTLE woman who owned the store played another important role. Sensing that Mary Margaret wasn't getting enough to eat, she'd say, "Mary Margaret, here's some chicken salad that was never picked up. If you don't take it, it'll go to waste." There was always an excuse to press Mary Margaret with food and the way the woman did it never offended Mary Margaret's youthful pride.

In 1940, when the University gave Mary Margaret its annual award for achievement in journalism, the delicatessen owner was present in the scholarly hall. She remembered Mary Margaret and asked to be there for the presentation. Unable to leave New York, Mary Margaret accepted the award over a special hook-up with the University, and paid special tribute to the proud little woman who helped her to get through college.

After graduation, Mary Margaret had no difficulty at all in achieving her immediate goal. Every year, the editor of the Cleveland Press picked the prize graduate from the Missouri journalism school for a cub reporter's job on his paper. Mary Margaret was it.

As is standard newspaper procedure, Cub Reporter McBride was allowed to cover only those beats which more experienced reporters hate to be bothered with. But when Mary Margaret turned in a lengthy, enthusiastic, and finely detailed story of what under any other cub's coverage would have been a brief notice of a Baptist Church convention, the editor recognized its merits and printed it in full. Nor was he the only one impressed by it. No less a personage than John D. Rockefeller, Sr., indisputably the world's richest Baptist, read the story and brought it to the attention of the Interchurch World Movement in New York.

"Who's the lady who wrote such a fine story on the convention?" he wanted to know. Officers of the Movement were quick to find out. They offered the lady a

job writing publicity at the New York office. Mary Margaret, her dream realized sooner than she'd expected, didn't have to be asked twice. She arrived in New York in 1924.

The Interchurch World Movement was not destined to last long. But its importance in the life of Mary Margaret McBride was great. There at the Movement she met Estella Karn.

Stella, who'd come from the South, was young, eager and ambitious, and she, too, was determined to conquer the big city. It was natural that she and the new copy-writer should become friends.

"She was sitting in the press room," says Stella, remembering her first sight of Mary Margaret. "And press rooms—even religious press rooms—can be pretty dingy places. It was noisy and dirty and cloudy with cigarette smoke, but Mary Margaret sat at her typewriter, pounding away, ignoring everything except the paper in her machine. I thought to myself, My God, there's a studious gal."

In those days, Stella teased Mary Margaret by calling her a white ribboner because she was strong for temperance.

"She still is," says Stella. "She won't accept liquor or cigarette ads on her show. But she's gotten over some of her early extremes. Three of us had an apartment in the Village and I came home once to find her shaking some peaches over the drain. They were brandied peaches which I'd bought to impress the boys who were coming. She certainly spoiled that idea."

Greenwich Village in the Twenties was, as Mary Margaret puts it, "like a nice little country town where you were trusted at the corner grocer and where the iceman would take the mice out of the traps." Young people could live cheaply while trying to launch their careers, and it was exciting, too, for you never knew when you were going to catch a glimpse of one of your idols in the streets. To read an Edna St. Vincent Millay sonnet one day and to encounter her in the bakery shop the next was a great event to impressionable, literary-minded youngsters.

AND impressionable Mary Margaret certainly was. New York, for her, even exceeded expectations, and being poor didn't stand in the way of having fun. She and Stella and their roommate, Hortense, were much too bright and resourceful to let the lack of money limit them. Food, the ever-present problem, was partially solved by the creation of a dish which they called "Chaos."

"Chaos," Mary Margaret recalls, "usually had a corn or tamale base which we'd flavor with tomato sauce. Then we'd add to it whatever we had around. It rarely tasted the same twice! We'd make it in individual casseroles and—"

"We never owned any casseroles," Stella is quick to remind her.

"Well, it was the same thing. Any odd dish that could go into the oven was used. There was one for everybody."

"Sometimes there wasn't," says Stella. "One evening two cousins of Hortense came unexpectedly. We'd already invited other guests so I said, 'Mary Margaret, you'll have to go to bed. There simply isn't enough Chaos.' She was furious! Hortense and I told everybody that she

was ill, and there we sat commiserating on poor Mary Margaret at the very moment she came bumping up the steps, rustling a paper bag full of food she'd gone out to buy. From where we sat we could hear her steps from the stairway to the bedroom, and they certainly didn't sound like those of the deathly ill girl we'd pictured to our guests."

Inventive as they were, the girls, especially Stella, now and then succumbed to store delicacies that wreaked havoc with the budget. Hortense would come to Mary Margaret and say, "Look at my shoes. How am I going to get money for new ones if Stella spends it all on *pate de foi gras* and peaches in glass?"

Hortense once had an even more valid complaint against her roommates.

"We desperately needed an icebox," Mary Margaret recalls, "and when Hortense's suitor asked us what she wanted for her birthday, Stella and I said, 'An icebox! She wants an icebox more than anything!' You should have seen Hortense when the icebox arrived. She'd been hinting for a jade necklace."

WHEN the Interchurch World Movement disbanded, Mary Margaret heard that the *New York Evening Mail* wanted a girl who could cover fires dramatically. She flew down to the city room, got the job, but never expected she'd have a chance to cover a fire, however dramatically. But, sure enough, the next week there was a fine fire in the Bronx.

"I tried my best to be dramatic," says Mary Margaret, "but I didn't think my story would get much space in the paper. I remember stopping with Stella at a newsstand on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. We looked all through the *Evening Mail*. No story. Then we spotted it on the front page. And there was my big, black by-line. I didn't come down to earth for days after that."

Writing for the newspapers was not Mary Margaret's ultimate aim. One day while she was sitting at her desk grinding out a feature story, the awful possibility that she was never going to become a great writer occurred to her.

"I nearly had a nervous breakdown on the spot," she says.

Stella found her crying in front of a Western Union office on Seventh Avenue that very evening.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

"I'm going back to Paris, Missouri," she sobbed. "I'm sending my mother a telegram."

"Now, look . . ." said Stella. She led Mary Margaret into the nearest Schrafft's, ordered something smothered with whipped cream, nuts and chocolate fudge, and convinced her that she should stay on.

Sometime later the same feeling of desolation came over her. She fainted at the newspaper office.

"That must have been the time I really knew I'd never become a great writer," says Mary Margaret. "Anyway, they got me home and the doctor who was called in recommended a sea voyage. Now, a sea voyage was as far out of my reach as the next month's rent. But Stella and Hortense decided that my health must be restored. They took me on a voyage all right—on the Sandy Hook day boat!"

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"The sea's the sea, isn't it?" asks Stella. Later, there was a period of Europe every year. But she'd yet to come into that kind of money. Hortense left to be married, and Mary Margaret and Stella moved to a smaller walk-up in the Village. "We counted pennies and sometimes we didn't even have those," says Mary Margaret. "There was a time when we were so broke that it was a major tragedy when cookie tins didn't have the number in we'd counted on. Coconut Dainties were especially irregular, I remember. But there was always Chaos. And we usually managed to have hearts of lettuce. Often we budgeted meals down to twenty cents."

Mary Margaret read as much as she could in her spare time and worked hard on the job. She knew her career was progressing nicely when the *Evening Mail* put her under contract. She became its chief feature writer, doing a page three story every day. But when the *Mail* was sold to the *Globe*, with most of the women writers dismissed and Mary Margaret's being offered the chance to do religious features only, she told the editor she didn't want the job.

"I want to write," she announced. "Why don't you?" he asked, not unkindly.

Then Stella, who was managing Paul Whiteman, persuaded Mary Margaret to write a book with Paul on the music which gave its name to that era. "Jazz, The Story of Paul Whiteman," was bought by the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"To me, that seemed like the most magical thing in the world," says Mary Margaret. "The *Post* ranked with the Bible and the Sears, Roebuck catalogue where I came from. To have my first stuff in it was like a dream."

Next she discovered the women's magazines. It was a lucrative discovery. Until the early 1930's, the name Mary Margaret McBride appeared over stories in almost every important publication. She became the highest paid woman magazine writer in the country. And in collaboration with Helen Josephy, she wrote a series of best-selling travel books.

THERE was money for everything then. Mary Margaret fulfilled a long-standing ambition by taking her mother on a tour of Europe. Stella, by some judicious speculating in the stock market, managed to make two years' rent in two days' time. This was used to get the luxurious apartment they'd been coveting.

"If ever I had a period of going out a lot, that was it," says Mary Margaret. "But an awful lot of the nice men I met were married. Besides, I was still career-bound and fiercely ambitious."

When Mary Margaret was in college, there was a young man, a medical student. They were very much in love. One soft spring evening after the Easter holidays, he'd proposed.

"As much as I loved him," Mary Margaret says, "I can remember thinking to myself, 'I'll never marry you. I'm going to New York and become a great writer.' Once, after I'd been in New York, I did go back to see him. We met in Kansas City but it just wouldn't work out."

Other men sought pretty young Mary Margaret McBride, but she was never able

to relinquish the idea of a career. "Edna Ferber and I talked about that once when she was on my program," says Mary Margaret. "She said people always asked her why she had never married. She doesn't regret it. She feels she was kind of born for work and that work had been enough. My dream of writing was like that. I always wanted scoops. I always wanted my by-lines to be in the biggest, boldest, blackest type possible. I'd actually suffer if someone did a story I thought I should have thought of. "I'd call that having too much ambition. And that can be deadly. Ambition should be tempered with reason. Then you have more self-assurance and a defense against your sufferings. But I suppose I'll always be a sufferer."

MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE as a sufferer is a possibility that probably has never occurred to those who think of her as a warm, winning woman whose very appearance of serenity can invest others with that quality. But Mary Margaret, as every other mortal, is not entirely free from fears and insecurities.

"If I have a good show, I'm walking on air," she says. "But let me hear it on record and all the glow is gone. My reasoning tells me that I could not have remained on the air for seventeen years without being good, but I really cannot believe it. I don't feel that I ever measure up to the standards I set. I fear people will find out that I'm not really as good as they think I am. That's why hearing those records nearly makes me lose my mind."

Poison pen letters have the same effect. Mary Margaret claims she can repeat verbatim every one she's received, and that one bad letter can wipe out the satisfaction of a thousand good ones.

The good letters, however, helped Mary Margaret achieve the kind of radio program she thought the women of America would like. By 1934 the high-paying magazine market had vanished. Mary Margaret still received assignments, but the checks were slim for one who'd collected some of the fattest in the field. When Station WOR auditioned people for a new woman's program, Mary Margaret was invited to try out.

"I think she got the job because she didn't mention money," says Stella.

The broadcasting company barely mentioned it, either. Mary Margaret McBride, radio novice, received twenty-five dollars per week for six hours of programs.

What the station had in mind was a half-hour of household hints with a little grandmotherly advice thrown in between information on how to make last year's draperies into this year's dress. Mary Margaret, as Martha Deane, cheerfully invented a family for herself, played the role of grandma with great gusto—and tired of it within a few weeks.

"Listen," she told her audience, "I am now going to kill off my family. Radio is fun but all this stuff they ask me to say is a lot of rot. I'm a reporter and I think you'd like to hear about things that actually happen."

She then described a flea circus she'd seen the night before and on successive programs talked about everything she'd seen, done, or eaten. Listeners were delighted. They wrote letters to the station.

Needless to say, Mary Margaret's fake family was never resurrected.

Mary Margaret, by giving her listeners intimate conversations with all kinds of "doing" people, helps broaden their horizons and gives them a more vivid sense of participation in the world.

Authors are by far Mary Margaret's favorite guests and she reads over five hundred of their output every year in pursuit of material for her program. Books line almost every wall of her Central Park duplex. They overflow into the foyers and pile up in Stella's 45th Street office. They are the only significant possessions of a woman who detests possessions.

"I don't own a house or jewelry or a car," she explains. "I just can't be bothered owning things."

She does have that one symbol of success—the mink coat.

"Stella made me buy it," she says. "We were going out to Missouri for Mary Margaret McBride Day in 1940. Stella had a mink of her own and she said to me, 'Look, you'd better get yourself one or people will think I take all your money.'"

Stella, who gets a third of Mary Margaret's income, has a brief definition for their success. "It's based on Mary Margaret's ability and my bad disposition," she says, referring to the Karn talent for saying "no" at the right time. "But," she'll add, "ability is ability and you can't take that away from her."

Stella occasionally has to restrain Mary Margaret's estimates of her own abilities. In 1944, at the Madison Square Garden celebration of her tenth anniversary on the air, Mary Margaret decided she wanted to shake hands with each and every comer, just as she does at the studio. Stella was appalled. The Garden was filled to capacity. Thousands had been turned away.

"You'll wear yourself out," Stella warned. "Imagine wanting to shake hands with 20,000 women!"

"But they're my friends," insisted Mary Margaret, "and they've come to see me."

She soon realized the impossibility of her intention and gratefully allowed Stella to shoo her up to the platform, which was flanked by assorted dignitaries waiting to pay her tribute.

FIVE years later, for the celebration of Mary Margaret's fifteenth year on the air, Stella made certain no such limitation as capacity would stand between Mary Margaret and her admirers. She hired Yankee Stadium with its 65,000 seats. No one bothered to count the empty ones, but it could have been done very easily—there were that few. The New York subway system ran special trains to the Stadium from Brooklyn and Queens. Some women, bound for shopping, found themselves caught up in the jam, but they stayed on. Bargains in Macy's could wait; it was more fun to help Mary Margaret celebrate.

McBride admirers are all ages, possibly because there are qualities in Mary Margaret which seem to fit the needs of every age group. The younger woman sees her as the warm mother-confidant, tolerant, understanding, and brimming with life; to her contemporaries she is an extension of themselves, the woman who gets around and relates to them the things that chance confines their doing; to the older woman

she is the good daughter, the one who has gone far in the world but who has never forgotten her own mother and the training she received at home.

These days Mary Margaret sees less of her fans than she'd like to. Most of her programs are broadcast from a pleasant, book-lined room overlooking Central Park. Busier than ever with her new network commitments, Mary Margaret finds she saves three hours a day by not going to the studio. ABC sends a control man, and Vincent Connolly—who has been Mary Margaret's announcer from almost the beginning and to whom Mary Margaret is devoted—comes to do the hour-long show heard in New York. The program is revised for its A.M. transcription to Chicago, then condensed for its half-hour on the network.

"Of course, my friends in the studio audience protest," she says, "but when I tell them I don't have to get into my corsets this way, they understand."

MARY MARGARET'S corset was once the cause of considerable anguish not only to herself, but to those who were waiting for her to go on the air. When the scheduled hour came and Mary Margaret did not, Stella went on.

"Probably a traffic jam," explained Stella to the waiting audience.

It turned out to be more serious than that. The zipper on Mary Margaret's corset had jammed, catching her skin and refusing to budge. Mary Margaret's maid called a doctor, but his equipment was useless against the stubborn zipper.

"Call the janitor," he said to the maid, "and tell him to bring all his tools."

Under pressure from various saws, files and pliers, the zipper gave. Mary Margaret forgot her pain, rushed to the studio, and took over for the rest of the broadcast.

Mary Margaret's apartment is simple and comfortable. On the first floor is the studio-sitting room from which she broadcasts, and the kitchen—the domain of Myra, her maid. Upstairs is Mary Margaret's private sitting room with its plant-lined windows and books, books, books. Covering the walls of her bedroom is the collection of samplers which were made by listeners. Her favorite is the tiny square of linen with the dainty inscription:

Two old friends
And a cup of tea,
One of them you
And one of them me.

Today, at fifty-one, plump and rosy, her unique, squared pompadour now white, Mary Margaret McBride begins her eighteenth year of broadcasting with little more than fleeting regrets for not having become a twentieth-century Bronte.

"It's been completely satisfying," she says about radio. "But I suppose TV has to come. Women write to me all the time wanting to know when I'm going on TV. But I don't want to be on display. I want to make faces and grotesque gestures when I feel like it. I just want to be myself."

Mary Margaret had a brief, not entirely satisfying bout with television in 1948. But she's game to try again. And, as always, she'll be giving whatever she attempts all her energy, enthusiasm, and famous capacity for hard work.

"She'll just be Mary Margaret McBride," says Stella.

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Suzanne continued playing her Chopin prelude as though nobody was in the room.

B

*Radio
Television
Mirror*

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*Suzanne had every reason
to hate Tom—until she found in
him the very quality he
sought most to hide*

BY NORA DRAKE

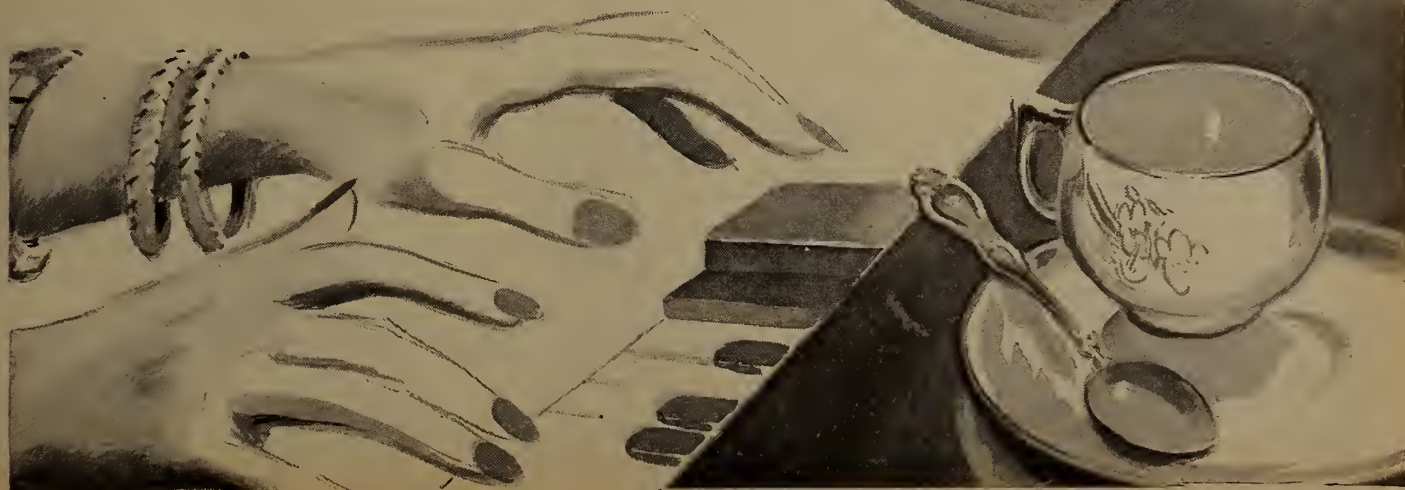
I WAS TIRED last night, so tired that I didn't even bother changing from my uniform to street clothes before I left the hospital. So tired that later, resting in the dim coolness of the living room, I half dozed, and came awake suddenly to hear myself say, "That was lovely, Suzanne—play something else now."

Even as I spoke I blinked myself fully awake and knew that I spoke into an empty room. Suzanne wasn't sitting there at the piano gleaming in the shadowy corner. It was many months since she had shared the apartment with me. Then, listening, I realized that there was music drifting in to me from somebody else's radio, and I knew why the illusion of Suzanne had seemed so real to my relaxing mind.

I clasped my hands behind my head and leaned back, thinking of all the evenings Suzanne had played to me to ease away the tensions left over from Page Memorial. At *(Continued on page 92)*

The ways of love

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eighteen, she had seen enough suffering in Europe to understand that even a nurse, professionally trained to handle it, could sometimes find a routine hospital day almost unendurable. She was a mature little person, sensitive and gentle, but there was power behind the gentleness which stunned you when it came out in the only outlet it had—her music. One of the best pianists in the world had said Suzanne had a talent, and had taken her for his pupil.

They were all pleasant memories, when I thought about her music. But gradually unpleasant ones came crowding in. How endlessly and inextricably people are chained together—Suzanne to Tom Morley, Tom to Charles Dobbs and me and through us to George Stewart and Dorothy, his wife . . . and over us all the menacing shadow of Big John Morley, Tom's father.

THE TROUBLE began with Big John, too. When Charles, then a Special Prosecutor, began to compile the information that would put Big John behind bars, he knew he was tracking down one of the most powerful sources of corruption the city had ever known. We all knew—Charles and I and his other friends—that it was a dangerous assignment; no attempt to expose Big John had ever yet been carried through to a conclusion. But Charles had no doubt of his ultimate success—and unfortunately neither did Big John Morley. Perhaps he had decided his time had run out—perhaps it was the effect of having his son Tom out of college, ready to make a beginning in the world. Morley must have thought a great deal about just what kind of a beginning Tom could make, with his father's record and name neatly fencing him off from respectable people. That he loved his son there was no doubt; in fact as Charles learned more of Morley's life and character he realized that between Big John and his son there was an unusually strong affection. Did Big John decide that if he were out of the way Tom would have a better chance? Was it an accident? Nobody had the answers, except Tom Morley. When on the verge of his indictment Big John Morley went out in a boat and was drowned, Tom Morley accused Charles of having killed his father.

He couldn't, naturally, make a formal accusation of murder. But, wild with grief and hysteria, Tom held Charles guilty of having unjustly persecuted Big John until death was the only way out. And because I was with Charles on that dreadful grey day when we tried to keep Morley from going out in the boat, Tom turned his hatred on me as well. That was how he and Suzanne met—when he came and told me that somehow, he didn't yet know how, he was going to make Charles and me pay for what he believed we had done to his father. For all the youthful melodrama of his threat, it was nonetheless ominous—partly because hatred was working down into Tom himself to twist a decent, pleasant boy into something not quite sane. Before I had rather liked Tom, but now he frightened me. I was relieved when several months went by with no further contact between us.

Suzanne asked about him once or twice, for he had frightened and intrigued her too. But in normal people hysteria doesn't last forever; I was sure that time and

travel had softened the grief of losing his father, and that Tom was beginning the good life I suspected Big John had died to give him. So it was a shock when Charles told me bitterly that Tom was making good his threat. Working with a cold persistence, Tom had found the key with which he planned to unlock all sorts of trouble for Charles. He found it in his father's office safe—a check signed by George Stewart, Charles's brother, which Tom said that he could prove was a forgery.

A Special Prosecutor cannot have a brother under suspicion of forgery. Tom's plan moved smoothly right from the start, for Charles felt he had to resign. He began at once to set up a defense for George, but I saw him growing more harassed as his hopes for a good case weakened. Tom held all the cards—the check, the proof, and worst of all George's past history, which had sometimes taken him close to the line between legal and illegal activities. The fact that he had been working for Big John Morley was enough to damn him in the eyes of any intelligent jury.

And the worst of it was that George wasn't really guilty of the forgery. Everybody knew it—the dreadful thing was that only Tom could prove it. In all our faces he haunted his power, even going to the trouble of coming up to our apartment one night to make it perfectly plain that if he chose to he could save George.

He came in and sat down as nonchalantly as though we were all good friends, he and Suzanne and I. "Dorothy Stewart is simply wild, you know," he said, looking pleasantly from me to Suzanne. "She knows my father tricked George into signing that check, and Dobbs knows it too—and they can't do a thing."

With an effort I kept expression off my face, but Suzanne didn't even try. "You're unbelievable," she said. "You're the most contemptible creature I've ever known."

Tom looked her up and down. "You're so young, Miss Turrie—you haven't really known so many people, now have you? You're really very naive. You must be, because you've swallowed Miss Drake and Mr. Dobbs so thoroughly. They sound noble, therefore they must be noble. Such faith! And to think I have to come along and destroy it! Destroy it because it's built on a lie, because two people capable of hounding a man like my father to death mustn't be allowed to parade their hypocrisy around without some punishment!"

SUZANNE said fiercely, "It's you, you who are naive. Stupid and vicious! Why don't you face the fact that your father was a criminal?"

"Suzanne," I intervened, "that's quite useless. Tom will have to arrive at the truth in his own time and manner." I was frankly a little frightened at the chalky fury that came into his face when she called his father a criminal. If there was any madness in Tom, that was its testing point—he had never been able to accept the truth about Big John Morley.

Bitterly though they had fought, Tom seemed to find some stimulation in Suzanne's contempt that he couldn't resist. Perhaps it was the simple, spontaneous unleashing of anger that he enjoyed parrying, for the rest of us had long ago given up all hope of making an impres-

sion on him by anger—or in fact in any other way. But Suzanne had lashed out at him, and Tom liked it so much he came back for more. She was more wary the second time, and I could tell when he left that he was disappointed at not having provoked her to anger. She simply treated him like an unwelcome salesman, and after about ten minutes he couldn't stand it any more. I had been surprised at that second visit; but then, a week later, he suddenly rang the doorbell again. He seemed as surprised to find himself there as I was. Only Suzanne appeared undisturbed, and continued playing her Chopin prelude as though nobody had entered the room.

Tom glanced at Suzanne, but spoke softly to me. "I hope you don't mind enough to throw me out," he said. "I thought I'd stop in and see how you were."

"We're quite well." I spoke shortly and coldly, my hand still on the door. But when his eyes met mine, I let go the door-knob almost involuntarily. Once, long ago, Tom had come with his father to a hospital board meeting, and everyone had judged him to be a nice, eager, intelligent boy. Now for the first time in months I saw that boy again, his blue eyes troubled but free of malice, his face pale and strained, but showing no sneer. I was shaken, because you couldn't loathe this Tom Morley. You could only feel terribly sorry for him. I let him come into the room, where he sat quietly until Suzanne finished playing.

When she took her hands from the keyboard nobody spoke. Then Tom said, "That was tremendous. I didn't know you could play like that."

Suzanne gave him a direct look. "Why should you know anything at all about me? I don't fit anywhere into your interesting schemes of trouble-making."

"And you don't like me talking about your music, do you? I couldn't possibly know what I was talking about."

I was rather proud of the almost amiable look Suzanne turned on him. She said, "I couldn't possibly care what you were talking about, Mr. Morley. I know as much about you as I care to when I know that Nora is unhappy because of you, that Charles's legal career may suffer a setback because of you, and that George Stewart may spend years in prison for a crime he didn't commit—because of you."

As Tom Morley stood up, I saw Su-

zanne's expression change. He looked at her for a minute, and then he said, "Will you come out for a walk with me?"

"Yes," she said instantly. "I will." It was over in a second—the challenge given and received. I was baffled by the feeling that though I saw and heard everything, I didn't really know what was going on. They had met only a handful of times; it seemed to me that they couldn't know one another well enough for this emotion to have spun itself between them. It's very often that in the space between one breath and another two people can fall in love.

But it was a long time before the truth got home to me. It seemed impossible—Suzanne and Tom Morley, who in just a few weeks was going to do his best to bring unhappiness into the lives of her best friends. I suppose it was a long time before Suzanne herself admitted it. Suzanne didn't deliberately conceal anything, but I think she was so perplexed by it all—not only the situation between herself and Tom, but the incredible fact that there was any situation at all. She really feared him at first, as one fears anything unknowable. But sometimes the mystery dissolved. She did begin to understand him. And after that she couldn't hate or fear him any more.

I was rather dimly aware that something was going on. Suzanne never went out much, but after that walk with Tom there were suddenly dates during the week—just odd hours when she would disappear in her around-the-house clothes with a scarf to tie over her hair. I imagine they spent those hours walking around the city, but I don't really know. All I am sure of is that there was a definite line between the old Suzanne and the new.

There was less music around the apartment, suddenly. She would begin to play, break off in the middle of a phrase and disappear into her room. One afternoon she returned in tears from a lesson with Durosha and I guess that his accurate ear had caught some fumbling in her playing. That would explain the tears, for Durosha was merciless in his anger when he thought a protege of his was doing less than his or her best. I thought surely Suzanne would break down and talk to me then, but she only stared at me, the tears sliding helplessly down, and then ran to her room.

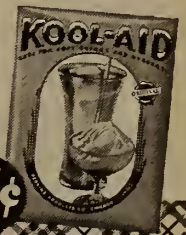
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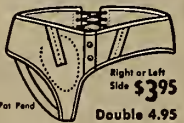
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There was more practicing after that, and almost a return to the old, quietly happy Suzanne. Except that she wasn't happy. When the phone rang she was always right there, but she made no secret of the fact that when it was for her it was usually Tom. I think she wanted me to know. But by that time I was afraid of what she might tell me, so I waited.

The date of George's trial came closer and closer, and Suzanne grew increasingly nervous. Then one Saturday morning, when neither of us had the excuse of work to take us away from the breakfast table, she looked at me with desperate determination in her eyes. "You must help me think, Nora," she said. "I'm in love with Tom Morley, you know. And yet I can't be in love with someone I can't respect." She laid it before me as though those few words had given me all the knowledge I needed to solve the problem!

I asked, "Do you want to tell me about it? I know you've been seeing him."

SUZANNE frowned. "That's all of it. I can't believe how I came to let myself in for such a thing—with both of us really hating one another. We understood that it wasn't hate but something else. And now I don't know what to do with it. I can't stop seeing him. I've tried. He's already too important."

"Then what's the problem, Suzanne? With most people it's the question Am I, or Am I Not, that causes the trouble. You seem to have worked out your answer."

"What's the problem?"
"Weren't you listening, Nora? How can I love him when he's still as insane as ever about you and Charles? He hasn't stopped praying that he'll find ways to make you suffer for his father's death. How can I love a man who has such a bitter loathing of the two people who are my dearest . . ." Her voice shook, and she stopped. I said nothing, appalled at the intensity of emotion she had carried around inside her for so many weeks. Appalled too at my own helplessness . . . for she asked a question I didn't dare to answer. To myself I said *You can love a man you can't respect. Not forever, perhaps, but for long enough to learn just how much self-deception and shame you're capable of suffering. And it's a kind of love I pray you'll be spared.*

"It's his father," Suzanne was saying. "That's his dreadful blind spot. He can be so wonderful, Nora. If only there were some way to divorce him from the memory of that wicked man. Something he had to see, something he couldn't call a lie as he does everything you have told him . . ."

Suddenly I remembered it—the brown manila envelope. The innocent-looking envelope that held all the dynamite Charles would have needed to blow the kingdom of Big John Morley into a million bits and pieces. Where was it now—lying uselessly in Charles's safe, perhaps? Or no—he had given it to Dorothy long ago to see if she couldn't persuade Tom to read through what was in it. Long ago—before Suzanne was in the picture at all; and that was why I had forgotten it. When Dorothy failed, as Charles and I had failed, we put the envelope away and out of our minds.

But Suzanne was in the picture now. I told her about the envelope, and what was in it—details, dates, names, places, proof beyond question that Big John Mor-

ley had stopped at nothing short of murder in his greed for power and money.

"But that's it!" she said. "So far it's been words, all words! If this is what you say, Nora, he *must* admit it. He can't shrug away a fact by calling it a lie."

"He can refuse to read it," I reminded her. "All of us tried once before to show it to him. But he wouldn't touch it."

"I can," she said. "He'll read it if I take it to him. He knows I want nothing but what is right for him. . . Oh, he'll read it now, Nora. This is all we need!"

On the verge of warning her that it might not be quite so simple, I held back. Stranger things had happened! The mere falling in love of Tom and Suzanne was strange enough.

On the phone, I tracked the envelope down at Dorothy's apartment, and arranged for Suzanne to pick it up on her way to her luncheon date with Tom. A radiance shone from Suzanne when she went dashing out shortly afterwards. I sped her with a silent hope that all would go well. Then I gave myself time off to go shopping.

I wasn't gone very long, so I was startled when I came back to see Suzanne flying about her room, throwing clothes on the bed and opening drawers with rough urgency.

"What in the world?" I asked faintly.

"Never mind. Never mind!" She came out of her closet and tossed her overnight bag on the bed. "Don't ask questions. I'm too young, I'm a fool, I've made a mistake. I want to get far away from here."

"Where are you going? What is this?"

"Oh, don't worry," she said. She straightened up and gave me a thin smile. "I'm not doing anything desperate. Durosha asked me last week if I'd substitute for Carla Monteggio, the pianist—you remember, she got appendicitis. I'm only going down to Baltimore for tomorrow." Without actually looking, I saw that she was taking more clothes than she would need for one day. She tucked them almost furtively into the bag. "I may stay a couple of days. I told Durosha last week I didn't want to go, but he made an issue of it so I thought I'd better—" Our eyes met and with appalling abruptness she collapsed on the bed.

"WHAT HAPPENED?" I asked gently.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

She nodded toward her desk, where I saw now that the brown manila envelope lay unopened as the last time I had seen it. Nothing had happened to it.

"He laughed in my face, Nora. He said—Oh, I don't want to remember. That I was one of you instead of being with him. How I'd been sly and sneaky, how I'd only pretended to be falling in love with him. If he knew! If he had the wit and sense to know how I'm feeling about him!"

There was no comfort to offer. She wouldn't have heard words anyway.

Suddenly she turned on me. "It's retribution! This is what we wanted to make him go through—Tom. Just as my belief in him is shattered, we were all trying to shatter his belief in his father! He was right to defend himself!" She stood up swiftly and walked away from me, as if she couldn't bear to be near. "If this is what you go through when you lose faith in someone you love, then Tom was right to

say or do anything to keep his faith!"

"That's not quite the whole story, Suzanne. There's George—do you think Tom is justified in punishing George for something he knows George didn't do? Have you decided that it's right even to hurt others in order to protect yourself?"

Suzanne stared at me from strained, tearless eyes. "Who can help me now? Who can make me feel better except myself? In the last analysis everyone must look after himself—"

"Oh, Suzanne—this from you? After—"

"Yes, after everything!" She pressed her hands over her eyes fiercely. "After all this I can only help myself, I can't look to anyone else! That's why I'm going away. Nobody can give me back my faith or my love—nobody cares enough to bother. I can only make myself well again . . . I'll be sorry about all this one day, Nora—you know that, don't you? I'll want to apologize, ask you to forgive me and forget all these mad things I'm saying. But you'll have to allow me to get it out of my system."

THE PHONE shrilled, galvanizing Suzanne into action. She threw the rest of her things into the suitcase and looked wildly around for forgotten items. "Bag," she muttered. "Gloves?—wallet, here it is—Nora, if that's Durosha will you tell him I'm already gone, please?"

Obediently, when Durosha's assertive voice rolled richly through the receiver, I told him Suzanne had already left.

"Excellent, fine," he said. "We keep her moving, eh? Keep her so busy she drops from exhaustion. Many broken hearts I have cured this way."

I spoke softly, so Suzanne couldn't hear. "I gather you know about her trouble?"

"How avoid knowing? The little face is pale, the figure droops, the hands are uncertain—and between us, Miss Drake, my impulse is to apply the type punishment one would give to, say, a three-year-old." He chuckled. "A fine mess, is it not? But I will not have this career ruined! Not for a dozen young men with tempers—or whatever is the trouble, I don't know. This love . . ." He made a peculiar sound half-way between a snort and a laugh. "And yet no artist can do without some. She has it now—the love, the suffering—so she gets over with it for the next five years."

"I hope you're right," I said.

"No, I'm not right." Durosha's voice became suddenly impatient. "With Suzanne is different. This is not to be got over in five years or ten. Tell me, Miss Drake—is it not possible to find this young man and perhaps beat him gently with a whip until he consents to make Suzanne happy? When she is unhappy she cannot play."

"I wish it were possible. But it's—well, even more involved. It's not just Suzanne and To—and the boy."

"Don't tell me," he pleaded. "Enough I have already watching after the music. Ah, these children!" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Suzanne hurry from the bedroom. "I'm off," she hissed. "Wish me luck." Then the door closed behind her.

From the other end of the phone, which I had almost forgotten I was holding, came a rumbling, "So She has left, has she. Miss Drake, they are corrupting you! Take shame!"

Poor Suzanne, I was thinking as I

cleared up the debris of her whirlwind departure. I felt too remote from whatever had been going on with her and Tom to have any notion that I could help. George's trial was coming up the very next week; Charles was so harassed he couldn't be spoken to; Tom had now made tragedy inevitable by refusing to have anything to do with the proof of his father's wrongdoing. And he had ruined not only George, but Suzanne, by the refusal.

I found myself almost hating him; there was no room left for open-minded sympathy. It was the worst possible time for Tom himself suddenly to materialize before me. Suzanne had been gone about an hour when he walked in. He still walked with arrogance, but his face didn't show it any more. I saw that he was almost as drawn, almost as tormented as Suzanne had been. "You might have rung or knocked," I said coldly.

He didn't bother to answer. Striding through the room, he peered into the empty kitchen, and turned and saw the open bedroom doors. "Where is she?" he demanded.

I said sharply, "Tom, please mind your manners. You have no rights here at all, you know, particularly after what you did to Suzanne today. I've never seen her so wretched before, if knowing you is going to do that to her, I'll use every influence I possess to cut this relationship short."

"Knowing her?" Tom said. "Didn't she tell you I'm in love with her?"

I wonder if Suzanne knows and believes it. For that she was in love with him I knew I had realized all along.

"Perhaps she was ashamed to," I said. "You." Tom's voice shook with resentment. "Haven't you done enough to me already? I won't let you poison Suzanne the way you've poisoned everything else that meant anything to me. I love her. I didn't know it till she went out. Till she looked at me like that and just—went."

He snapped his fingers. "That for you, Tom Morley. Do as we say, betray your father, dirty up his memory, or else I walk out. And when I wouldn't do it, out she went. But she'll be back—she's my kind, you hear me? You and your lying envelopes and faked lies—forged like that check of George Stewart's—"

"Tom," I cut in sharply. "Have you forgotten how that check was forged—that your father engineered the whole thing? That George signed it in ignorance, thinking it was a joke? You told Charles Dobbs that yourself."

"What's the difference? It'll serve."

"**B**EAUTIFULLY," I agreed sarcastically. "It will serve to put an innocent man in jail. It will serve very nicely to destroy Charles Dobbs' faith in himself. That's a very important point to you. Not to mention the brutal offense you've done to Suzanne. She believed you were—something you're obviously not. Now that you've shown yourself otherwise, you've shattered her. But I suppose you know that."

"I don't know that. I don't know anything about Suzanne except that I—that she's in my life now and I can't go on if she leaves it. And you know—" he frowned. "It seems so long ago, but it was barely a month, isn't that strange—you know I planned it all, don't you? You must know that, you always believe the worst of me and you've been so right. I planned



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and worked to make her fall in love with me. Caught in my own trap, as they say."
"Oh, stop thinking of yourself," I burst out. "You're young and healthy—at least physically healthy. If you go on this way you won't be mentally healthy for very much longer, you know. Face life like a man. Your father faced it. I didn't approve of him, as you know, but he was a strong, ambitious man. I wonder how he'd feel if he knew that all he had for his love and plans was a—a permanent infant!"

With an effort, he finally spoke. "Is it a crime to love your father? Is it wrong to look up to him? Don't I have to fight for him if everyone else is against him?" His words hung almost pleadingly in the air.

"Not wrong, Tom," I said gently. "Your love for your father is—or was—a private matter. Why should anyone try to take it from you? He loved you; he was good to you. But you must face the fact that to dozens of other people he was—cruel." *The envelope. Now, I thought—now is the right time. He'll take it now.*

Still talking, not taking my eyes from Tom, like a hypnotist who keeps precarious control over his subject, I got somehow into Suzanne's bedroom and reached behind me for the envelope. I don't think he knew I had moved until I put it into his lap and closed his hand over it. He looked down at it then, and came to his feet. "No!" he said. "I won't. Nobody in the world can make me do it. . . I don't want to know. What will be left for me if I tear him down like this?" For a sick moment I was afraid he was going to rip the thing in two. I reached for it involuntarily, and he raised his eyes. He spoke more quietly. "Suzanne. There's Suzanne, isn't there? And she won't have a—a permanent infant. She's worth more than that. You don't have to say it. I wouldn't offer her that—"

Almost dizzy with victory, I sensed rather than saw that Tom went out of the apartment. I went to the chair he'd been sitting in and looked at the table, thinking that after all he might have left the envelope behind. . . but it was gone. It was gone! He would read it and he would know that he couldn't go through with this trumped-up case against George, and

Suzanne would be happy at last.

I suppose Suzanne knows what happened when Tom read that file on his father. I don't—and I don't want to.

So, though in a way I caused it, I'm glad I didn't have the task of ministering to Tom's pain when he read that file and felt the ripping away of all the false ideas about his father with which he had protected himself from the truth. Nobody saw or heard anything of him in the three days. When he appeared in the courtroom haggard and hollow-eyed, he seemed to have aged ten years.

But I had the happiness of seeing Charles's face as Tom, under oath, speaking with suppressed fierceness as though he were eager to get the words said and out of his mind, told the whole story of his father's plan to trap George Stewart with the forged check. He told it in such detail that there was no doubt left in anyone's mind as to George's having been not the criminal, but merely the dupe. . . and when I saw Charles realize his brother would go free, I didn't try to keep the tears from streaking down my cheeks.

I suppose I would have cried at Suzanne's wedding too, if I had gone. But those two did nothing in the routine way. Suzanne flew back when we phoned and told her what had happened, though she had already seen it in the headlines. We knew that this was all she had been waiting for, the proof of Tom's fundamental straightness and courage, and I suppose it served me right for waiting so complacently for her to tell me when they were getting married. While I was waiting, they drove off one night and just did it—eloped. I think myself that they had had such a tremendous quarrel that they decided if they didn't get married at once they might never do it at all.

I think Suzanne is happy, and I'm glad of her happiness; but sometimes I miss her a great deal. Like last night, with the music recalling her so vividly. . . But she plays for Tom now, and that's even better. As for me—I got up and put some records on the phonograph, and went to the kitchen to see what there was for supper with a Mozart sonata singing around me.

Mystery Mirror Solution

While Charlie struggled to get possession of the gun, a third man entered the pawnshop. "Drop that, Voelker!" said Keough from behind a gun of his own. Voelker swung around but Keough's trigger work was quicker. "I told you to lay off," he added grimly to Charlie as Voelker fell to the floor. "There's thirty thousand from the payroll job in the accordion, sergeant," Charlie explained. "That's what Voelker was after. He conned Jean into offering me a payoff so she'd dig up the dough." And it was Voelker who killed Matejka for fear Matejka would frighten Jean into paying more money. By trying to get Keough suspended from the force on a frame-up, Jean had hoped his testimony against her husband would not hold up in court and, instead, would incriminate Keough since he'd been the policeman who'd arrested Jean's husband. Voelker encouraged Jean in this plot, hoping not for Carl's release but for the money Jean had hidden. Voelker died from the bullet wound, Sergeant Keough arrested Jean, and Charlie Wild quickly tried to forget the episode in his life that almost turned into a conclusion. *Charlie Wild, Private Detective, is on Wed., 9 P.M., EDT, CBS-TV; Sun., 6 P.M., EDT, CBS; sponsored by Wildroot. The kinescope pictures on page 72 were taken from "The Case of the Airtight Frame-up," produced by Lawrence White, directed by Leonard Valenta.*

CAST

Charlie Wild John McQuade
Jean Peggy Wagner
Keough Ed Peck
Voelker Vinton Hayworth

Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY Every week or so Aunt Jenny begins a new story about life in Littleton. One of the most recent was the tale of a childless couple who wanted a child so desperately that they decided to adopt one. After a long search, they find the right little boy. What happens, however, when they learn that he comes complete with a little sister from whom adoption officials feel that he must not be separated?

M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE On the verge of a serious misunderstanding with her husband, Larry Noble, Mary agrees to join a yachting party arranged by wealthy Rupert Barlow. But a telegram from Larry at the last moment calls her to the West Coast. Barlow, still determined to break up the Nobles' marriage, interests Harold Ramsey in reopening a play in which Larry had starred. If Larry returns East, will Barlow's plan be successful?

M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Though the crisis between Neddie and his wife Hope has to some extent exposed the villainy of Millard Parker, Ruth Wayne knows that her marriage hovers on a thread because of Parker's influence over her husband, Dr. John Wayne. Will Parker be successful in convincing John that he has reason to be jealous of Dr. Reed Bannister? On the other hand, can Ruth truthfully tell John that Reed is not in love with her?

M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Althea Dennis wants passionately to become a successful actress. She is ready to sacrifice her child to this ambition, feeling certain that the baby would be well cared for by her sister Elizabeth. But—is there a career for Althea? Is she the actress she believes she is—or just another beautiful girl? And who is Tony Race? What impact will he have on the town of Plymouth and the lives of the Dennis family?

M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Is it ever possible to retrieve lost youth and beauty? David Farrell, ace reporter would be inclined to say no, for his involvement in "The Fountain of Youth Murder Case" led him to the tragic results of one such quest. A former beauty queen is killed while having a rejuvenation treatment. As David and his wife Sally aid in the police investigation, they uncover a story so fantastic it can hardly be believed.

M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT On the verge of a happy new life, Meta Bauer suddenly knows that her romance with reporter Joe Roberts is not, after all, to be completely free from trouble, for Joe's two children resent her so much that they may pose a permanent obstacle to marriage. Meanwhile, the marriage of Meta's brother Bill to Bertha seems tottering on the edge of tragedy as Bill's relationship with the singer, Gloria, deepens.

M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Shocked though she is at the sudden turn of affairs that leaves her cousin Nina married to Dr. Jeff Browning, whom she herself expected to marry, Julie Paterno tries hard to adjust to the situation. Trouble immediately starts when Nina so badly mismanages little Bill, Jeff's son, that he runs off to Hilltop House and Julie, and eventually has to be sent by Jeff to spend the summer with Jeff's parents.

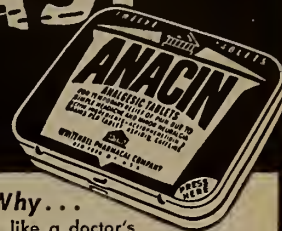
M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson's sure understanding of human nature led him to the conclusion that Amelia Shepherd was guilty of the murder of Paul Hewitt, in spite of the apparent evidence to the contrary. Bill's suspicions were proved to be absolutely correct by Vincent Blake, the young orderly who had supplied Amelia with the poison and who knew that the additional supply that she had requested would have been used to poison Bill.

M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

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Daytime diary

*Your guide to
good listening on
the daytime drama
circuit—plot,
character, time,
station information*

KING'S ROW Through her friendship with psychiatrist, Dr. Parris Mitchell, red-headed Randy McHugh learns a good deal about the troubles between wealthy Fulmer Green and his wife Hazel. Furious at Fulmer's cold persecution of the wife, and at his attempts to control their son Jeff, Randy determines to help Hazel no matter what that help involves.

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL In all the years since young Chichi Conrad first came into Papa David's lonely life, there have been many times when his wisdom has helped her to achieve a serenity which she might not have been equal to alone. Now Papa David has the hardest task of his life as he and Chichi face the knowledge she may never walk.

M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Ma's daughter Fay is really engaged to Spencer Grayson, and making plans for the exciting life she will lead as wife of the successful advertising executive. Then why is she finding it so hard to forget writer Tom Wells? Is it because of Tom himself—or because of the strange secret of Spencer's past to which Tom holds the key?

M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The death of Keith Carlyle touches off a chain of horror. Only when it is shown that Keith was stabbed does Sunday get over her fear that her car might have killed Carlyle. But Alison Gray, the lawyer, believes Carlyle, who was involved in the death of her son, was killed by Lord Henry to keep him from talking.

M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Though Mrs. Young believes that Ivy Trent should pay for the suffering she caused she becomes anxious about Ivy's hysterical mental state. Pepper, meanwhile, is disturbed about his wife Linda, who has had to give up taking care of baby Edith now that the child's parents have been reunited and can care for her.

M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Perry Mason starts out looking for a missing woman—a woman who suddenly, for no reason, walked out on a happy home and a loving husband and vanished, taking her daughter with her. Perry knows that the most innocent law-abiding citizen may have some secret buried in his past. Is this the case with May Grant?

M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Under Carolyn's loving care, Governor Miles Nelson stubbornly continues to discharge his duties, in spite of the bullet lodged near his heart which cannot be removed until his condition warrants. Carolyn becomes aware of the activities of Annette Thorpe and of Neil Prescott and wonders what they are planning for Miles.

M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE As Dr. Jim Brent becomes more closely involved with lovely Jocelyn McLeod, he becomes more irrevocably drawn into the mystery and intrigue surrounding Jocelyn's family, the peculiar Overtons. What will happen when Augusta Creel who is virtually imprisoned in a sanitarium, remembers the secret about the Overtons, hidden in her disturbed memory?

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Cynthia Swanson finally succeeds in getting Gil Whitney to marry her, and Helen Trent resolves to put him out of her mind forever. However, Betty Mallory tells Gil the whole story—how Cynthia engineered the fake marriage with Betty. Gil leaves Cynthia, but will this mend his romance with Helen?

M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY While Rosemary in Springdale awaits the reunion with Bill, back in New York, Bill has become involved in a dramatic complication with Blanche Weatherby. Can he prove that the shot which wounded Blanche was not fired by him? How will Rosemary feel about this new evidence that Blanche intends to remain in Bill's life?

M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON How much can one person affect events in a small town? Terry Burton wonders about this when beautiful Amy Westlake becomes manager of the Burtons' store in Dickson. Though Terry tries hard to trust and like Amy, she is soon forced to admit to herself that she doesn't really like her at all.

M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, NBC.

STELLA DALLAS Mrs. Arnold, an old friend of Minnie Grady's, opens an antique shop right opposite Stella's sewing shop. One of her first assignments is at the home of Laurel Grosvenor, Stella's daughter. Thus Stella becomes acquainted with Ben Jasper, Mrs. Arnold's assistant—a man so charming that Stella can't understand her own distrust of him.

M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Not knowing the evidence Fred Spencer gave her is faked, Peg Martinson uses it to revenge herself upon Nora and Dr. Robert Sergeant. She goes to Dr. Jensen, head of Page Memorial Hospital, with proof that they have been obtaining money under false pretenses. Can Dr. Jensen defend Nora against a woman as influential as Peg?

M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Is there some hope, after all, for Wendy's newly-realized love for Mark Douglas? Now back at the farm he loves, Mark seems to be approaching a more normal emotional condition. It seems likely, though, that until the whole truth about his past comes out, he will never be happy again. Can Wendy help him find himself again?

M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Between James Carter and his children there has always existed strong affection. But lately James has begun to wonder whether one's grown children remain part of the family. What of Jeff, with a war behind him? And what of Virginia, whose decision to get a job was made without consulting him?

M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Driven by his feeling of guilt, Jerry Malone allows his life to become more closely involved with the Brownes, not realizing Mary Browne loves him. In Three Oaks, meanwhile, Jerry's wife Anne has agreed with Sam Williams to postpone any resolution of the problem of what is to happen to Anne's marriage and Sam's love for her.

M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Thanks to Ellen Brown's efforts, Dr. Anthony Loring, the man she loves, is cleared of the murder of Horace Steele, and Lita Haddon is proved to have committed the crime. However, the trial stirred Simpsonville. Victoria Loring, Anthony's sister, holds Ellen responsible. How far will she go in her resentment?

M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.



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